The Outlook

JUNE 6, 1923

LAW FOR OTHERS—NOT FOR THE KU KLUX KLAN!

NOTHING could better show the patent unreason of the basic idea of the Ku Klux Klan than the reports of the refusal of various "klaverns" assembled in New York State just after Governor Smith signed the law mildly regulating their relations to the law and the public. One newspaper remarks that these men "swore fealty to the American flag, and then announced that they would defy the law of the State of New York. Consistency does not appear to be a strong characteristic of the Klan."

The bill signed by Governor Smith is not oppressive. If it requires more of this secret society and others like it than it does of certain other fraternities or societies, it is because there is a fundamental difference in purpose and methods. The Ku Klux is a self-appointed public protector—so at least its leaders claim—designed to see that those who affront public decency or public sentiment or work blamefully and insidiously against the true interests of the people are warned, stopped, or punished. This usurpation of the function of law and government would be unendurable from any outside self-constituted body of men. It is doubly so where the methods are those of terrorism and implied threat, even although the number of actual deeds of violence is not great. The country has not forgotten the lesson of Mer Rouge.

The only requirement of importance enforced upon the Ku Klux Klan by the new statute just passed and signed is that for public protection the various branches of the society must file with the Secretary of State copies of the constitution, by-laws, regulations, and oath of membership, together with current lists of officers and members. We heartily concur in Governor Smith's approval of this law as "of distinct benefit to the State," and one to which no "honestly intentioned" groups or individuals can properly object.

According to current reports in the newspapers, a meeting of some eight thousand Ku Klux members and initiates, near Eastport, Long Island, was preceded by "the nightly apparition of burning crosses about the countryside before the homes of individuals suspected of having transgressed the 'moral law' of the Klan." There and in other meetings there was a free expression of the belief that the law could not be enforced because the officers of the State would not be able to find the official records or membership lists of the K. K. K. This is nothing more or less than a contemptuous flouting of the law of the State. It was accompanied, so the reports state, with the chanting by members of a ritual saying that the violation of the oath of secrecy "means disgrace, dishonor, and death," while one "king kleagle" (again we are following current newspaper reports) in an interview asserted that "when Governor Al Smith signed that bill he forever barred himself from being President of the United States."

The Ku Klux Klan may be as harmless as a dove, but the kind of action and talk above reported are not such as the American people will permit.

THE SUGAR INTERESTS PROTEST

CERTAIN sugar interests complain to President Harding that they have been falsely accused of using unfair methods against the interests of the public, and ask him to have the Department of Commerce issue a statement bringing the facts of sugar supply and requirements up to date. The complainant petitioners begin their letter to the President by calling themselves "the sugar trade." As a fact, a large part of the sugar trade does not join in the petition. The domestic beet-sugar producers, who sold practically all of their output before the advance in prices began, have not been subjected to the so-called false accusations and are not under the necessity of seeking relief from them. Concerned in the request to the President are the refiners of imported raw sugar, mainly from Cuba, American owners of sugar plantations and sugar mills in Cuba, sugar brokers, and others whose business is rather with foreign than domestic sugar.

After complaining of being held up to the country by representatives of the Government and others as using unfair methods, the signers of the letter say that they "know of no conspiracy or organized effort to advance prices, and therefore strongly resent these unsubstantiated charges." The rise in price, they say, results from the operation of the law of supply and demand. Cuban production, they say, is 300,000 tons below that of last year and the United States beet crop is short by about the same figure. Stocks on hand in Cuba, it is asserted, on January 1, 1922, were 1,200,000 tons below those of January 1, 1922. Thus they deduce a shortage of 1,800,000 tons in the territory from which the United States normally draws its supply. It is admitted that European production increased by 500,000 tons and that Porto Rico, Hawaii, Louisiana, and the Philippines held their own. The rise in price they hold to be a natural result of this situation.

"The Department of Commerce," says the letter, "was one of the first to publicly recognize the acute sugar situation, and issued a statement in early February, 1923, showing prospective supplies and requirements." This Department, the writers of the letter think, should prepare another statement bringing the facts and figures up to date, "so that they may give the public the benefit of their information."

The February statement of the Department of Commerce, referred to in the letter, came at about the beginning of the price rise. As a result of it, "Sugar Shortage" was written in newspaper headlines all over the country. Higher prices followed immediately. The Department of Commerce issued a correction. The original statement, it said, was misinterpreted; instead of showing a sugar shortage, the statement showed a sugar surplus.

Apparently, the Department of Commerce and the signers of the letter to the President do not use the same dictionary. What the letter points out as a shortage appears to be a supply smaller than last year's supply. Government estimating agencies, including both the Department of Commerce and the Department of Agriculture, use "shortage" as meaning a supply below the normal supply for a term of years.

THE NEW BRITISH PRIME MINISTER AND HIS CABINET

THE decision as to the successor of Mr. Bonar Law as Prime Minister of Great Britain ended in the selection of the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Stanley Baldwin.

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For a while there seemed to be doubt as between the selection of Mr. Baldwin or Lord Curzon. It is not at all unconstitutional under the English political precedence to appoint as Prime Minister a member of the House of Peers. It has not been done very often, however, and there is an obvious advantage in having the leader of the party in the House of Commons, where the stress of political strife comes. Lord Curzon, moreover, with all his ability, is too arbitrary to make an ideal political leader. The Earl of Balfour was also spoken of as possible successor to Bonar Law, but he is an older man than is generally desirable for that position, which he has held once already.

The new Prime Minister went through the formality of "kissing hands" on May 22, and was intrusted by the King with the delicate and difficult task of forming a government, as the phrase goes in English politics, and the selection of the members of the Ministry does really just that thing.

It was evident at once that Mr. Baldwin had the respect not only of the Conservative leaders, but of his political opponents and of the people at large. We select one typical comment on Mr. Baldwin's personality; it is from the London correspondent of the New York "Tribune:"

> Mr. Baldwin is more in the line of the traditional type of Conservative Premier than was his predecessor. The landed interest is still one of the main elements of Conservative party strength, with big business as the other chief factor in the party's make-up. The new Premier ranks as a representative of both these interests. He is a wealthy country gentleman, who has confessed he is hankering to retire to a farming life. At the same time he is recognized as one of the cleverest students of finance and economics in this country.

Yet the refusal of Sir Robert Horne to accept office as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Baldwin's place is regarded as an indication that the Conservative party is by no means reunited. The personal make-up of the new Cabinet is, on the other hand, regarded as strong in the individuals who make up the Ministry. The list includes eighteen Ministers, all of whom are members of the Cabinet, while eight other officials who are technically considered members of the Government, although not members of the Cabinet, were also appointed simultaneously. We will not undertake to print the entire list, but the following are the most important members of the Cabinet. It will be noticed that the Prime Minister, in addition to his Premiership, holds for the present, at least, three separate and distinct functions; and it will be noticed also that Lord Curzon will retain the exceedingly important office he held under Bonar Law, namely, that of Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Another notable fact about the list is that it does not include the name of Austen Chamberlain:

> Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, leader in the House of Commons, and Chancellor of the Exchequer—Stanley Baldwin.
>
> Lord Privy Seal—Lord Robert Cecil.
>
> Lord President of the Council—the Marquis of Salisbury.
>
> Lord High Chancellor—Viscount Cave.
>
> Secretary for Home Affairs—the Right Hon. W. C. Bridgeman.
>
> Secretary for Foreign Affairs—the Marquis of Curzon.
>
> Secretary for the Colonies—the Duke of Devonshire.
>
> Secretary of State for War—the Earl of Derby.
>
> Secretary of State for India—Viscount Peel.
>
> President of the Board of Education—the Right Hon. E. F. L. Wood.
>
> Minister of Labor—the Right Hon. Sir Montague Barlow.

In America Mr. Stanley Baldwin made many friends during his recent mission relating to the settlement of England's debt to the United States, and that mission was carried out quickly, without bluster, and with satisfaction to the two countries.

Elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook will be found an article about the personality and career of the new Prime Minister.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN DISPUTE SUBSIDES

A SECOND note sent by the Soviet Government to Great Britain relating to the recent sharp exchanges between Lord Curzon and the Red Foreign Department is so moderated in tone that one of the first acts of the new Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, was to intimate that the new note deserved a pacific reply.

In substance the note does not differ greatly from that formerly sent. It is more specific, however, in pointing out that Russia will be reasonable as regards British fishing vessels, and will not again interfere with or seize them for alleged illegal activity within an absurdly illegal extended sea limit. The note also repeats in more acceptable form the proposals to meet British representatives in conference over the economic and Eastern complications which have been causes of ill feeling.

A curious comment on Russian conditions was Mr. Lloyd George's remarks in the House of Commons, when the recent threat of rupture was under discussion, in which he declared that "Tchitcherin is as great an aristocrat as Lord Curzon" and "Bolshevism is evanescent. It will evolve again into imperialism. It is the same old Russia."

POINCARÉ'S RUHR POLICY SUSTAINED

BY what seems to be an altogether unexpected incident, M. Poincaré received proof a few days ago that France is behind him in the Ruhr.

Without warning M. Poincaré appeared in the midst of a dinner at the Élysée Palace, the residence of the President of the Republic, and formally tendered to the President the resignation of himself and his Cabinet. Utterly taken aback, President Millerand asked the reason. He learned that the French Senate had refused M. Poincaré's request to try one of the French Deputies, Marcel Cachin, and his Communist lieutenants for sedition. The refusal on the part of the Senate M. Poincaré regarded as a vote of lack of confidence. The reason for M. Poincaré's request to the Senate was that Marcel Cachin, the well-known radical Socialist, had been accused of conspiring with the Germans in the Ruhr to resist the French Government's policy there. The President of the Republic refused to accept the resignation, and persuaded M. Poincaré to withdraw. It is explained that the action of the Senate was not due to lack of confidence, but to its view that the trial of this Communist was below its jurisdiction.

The resignation was the more dramatic because M. Poincaré had just received a great ovation after his speech in defense of his Ruhr policy in the Chamber of Deputies. He had said that France was proposing to use the same measures in getting reparations from Germany that Germany did in getting her indemnity from France in 1871; that, so far as the coal supply and the railway service was concerned, France and Belgium could afford to wait until Germany came to her senses. He said emphatically that the French would accept no reduction of the A and B obligations of Germany, and would only accept reduction of the C obligations in the proportion as they were used in wiping out the French share of the Interallied war debts. He added: "If there are men in England

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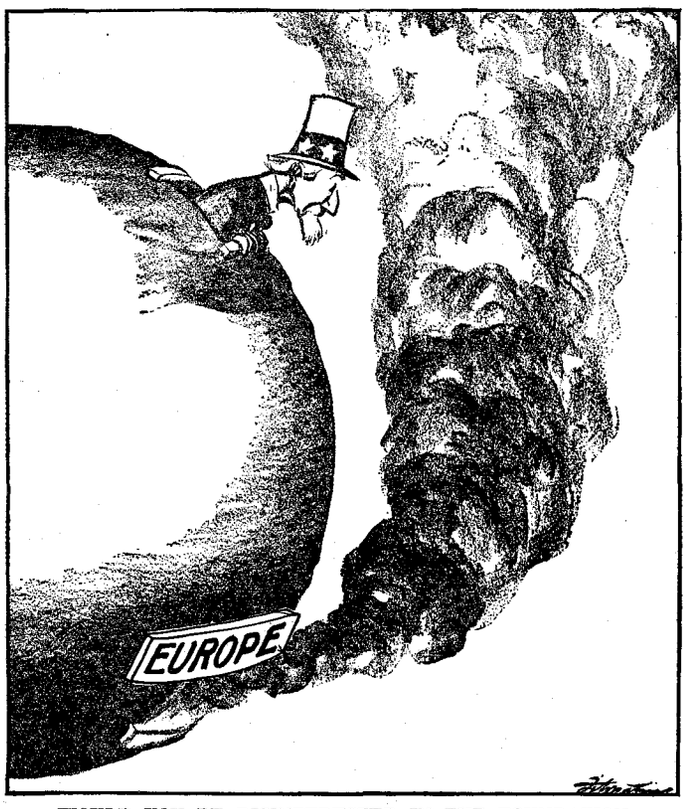
THOU AND THY HOUSE SHALL RUE IT

(3 Henry VI, Act I, Scene 1)

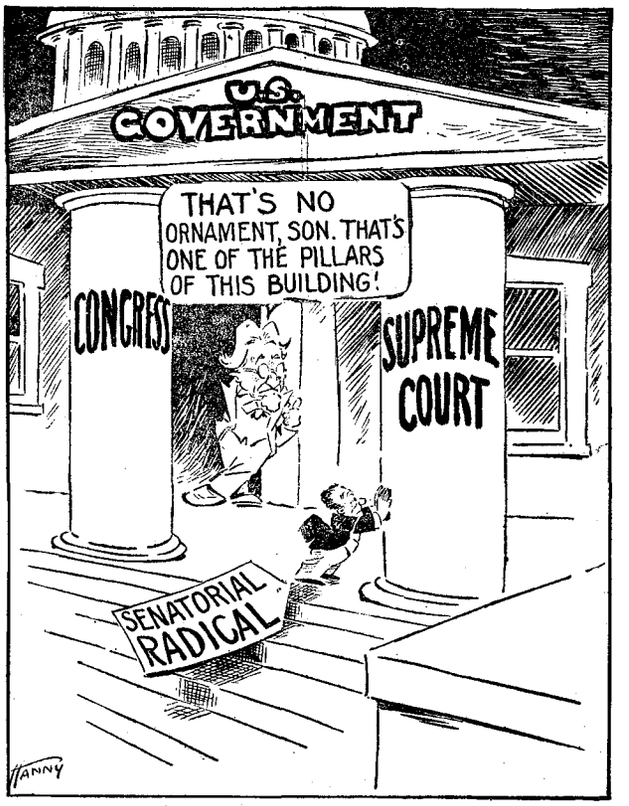
Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post Dispatch



WOULD YOU BE DISINTERESTED IN THE FOUNDATION OF YOUR HOUSE BECAUSE YOU LIVE IN THE SECOND STORY?—SENATOR BORAH

From John Fleming, St. Louis, Mo.

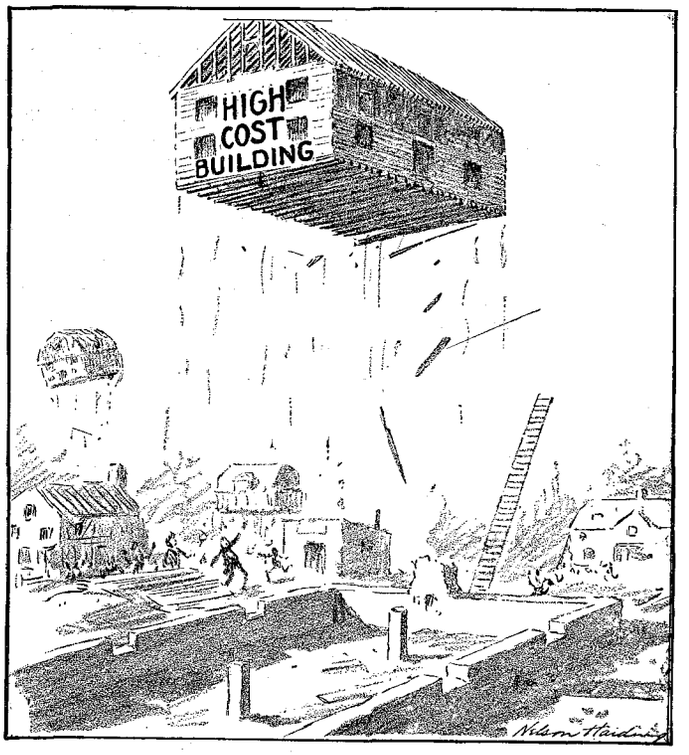
Hanny in the St. Paul Pioneer Press



NOT SO EASY

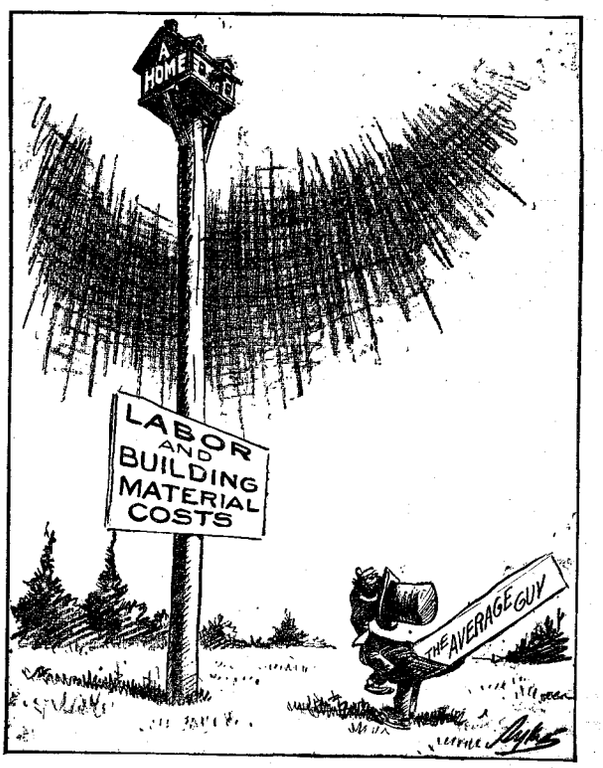
From W. K. Collier, St. Paul, Minn.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



THE MAGIC CARPET HAD NOTHING ON THE ENCHANTED FLOOR?

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



FLY TO IT!

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

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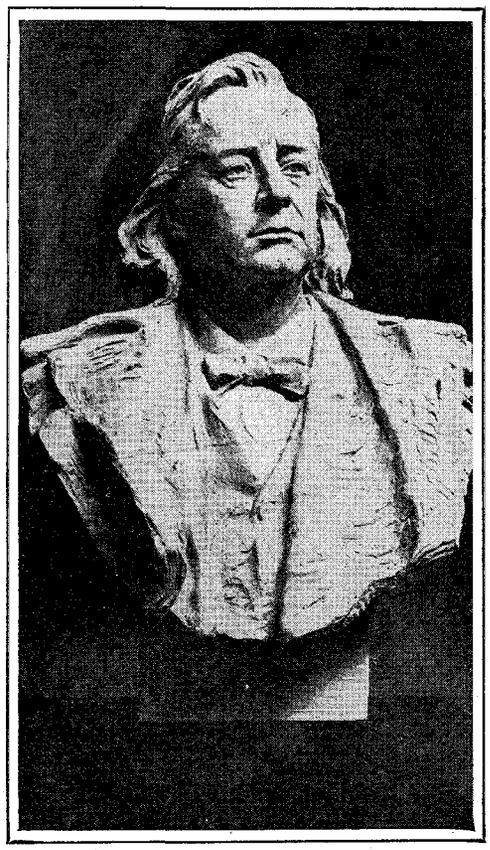
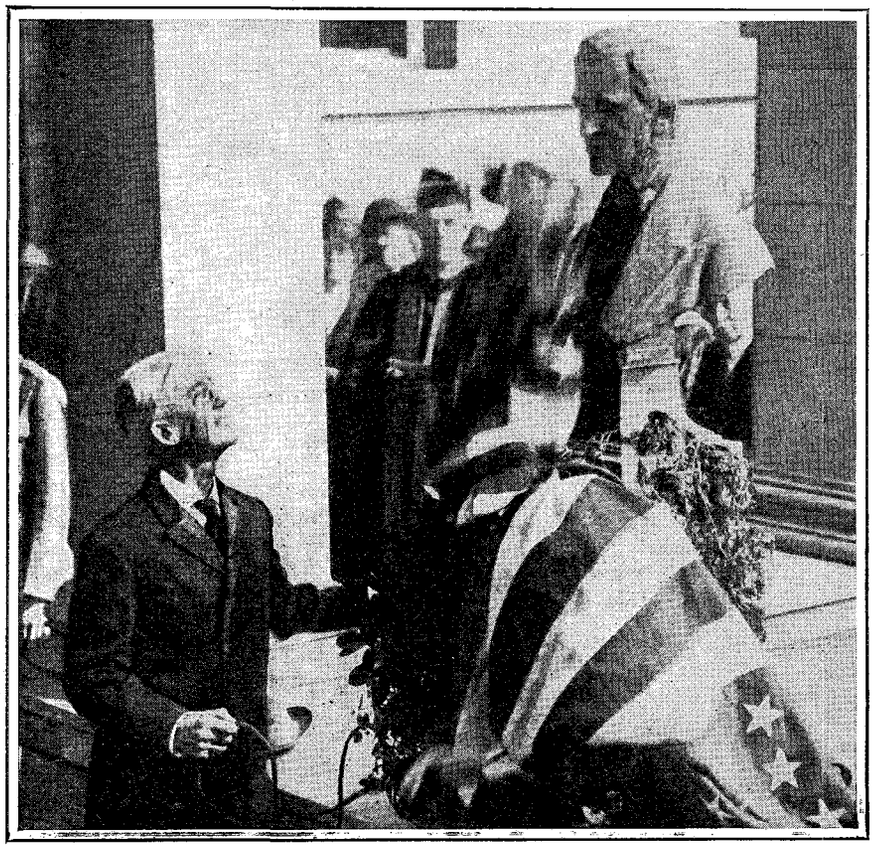


HENRY WARD BEECHER, BY MASSEY RHIND. PRESENTED BY WILLIAM A. NASH AND UNVEILED BY COL. WILLIAM C. BEECHER, SON OF THE FAMOUS PREACHER



RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S BUST, BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, UNVEILED BY DR. EDWARD WALDO EMERSON, SON OF THE POET. OTHER BUSTS UNVEILED WERE THOSE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ULYSSES S. GRANT, ROBERT E. LEE, AND FRANCES WILLARD

NEW BUSTS FOR THE HALL OF FAME IN NEW YORK CITY

and elsewhere"—and by elsewhere we can imagine he referred to America—"who desire to decrease the burden of Germany, they have one certain means of achieving their end, which is not to present their bills to us."

This statement is an indication that what M. Poincaré is after is not an addition to Germany's burden, but relief to France. If Americans or British want to assume Germany's burdens, M. Poincaré has no objection. He suggested that the presence of the French in the Ruhr may be a blessing for Germany, because it is a reminder that she must pay up. "Peace has no better friends than we, but peace is a vain word if one may with impunity violate treaties while an indifferent world looks on." It was immediately after being greeted with cheers at the conclusion of this speech that M. Poincaré presented his resignation. And when, after withdrawing it, he returned to the Chamber of Deputies, he was greeted with another ovation.

IN THE RUHR

MEANWHILE there has been trouble in the Ruhr, but it has not been caused by the French. The German Communists have captured the town of Gelsenkirchen. Some of the citizens attempted to check the rioters, and even the Fire Department was called out. After some hours of fighting the Communists succeeded in getting control of Police Headquarters and finally organized the policemen of the city and the control of food and food prices. With that success the disturbance spread more or less throughout the various towns of the Ruhr. There have been counter-demonstrations on the part of the *bourgeois* in the region. Apparently the disturbance is due to the fact that the workingmen feel that they are being exploited in the interest of the owners of the mines and industrial plants. In all these troubles the French have refused to interfere between the German factions.

CAMPAIGN FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

UNDER the leadership of the Hon. John H. Clarke, who resigned his position as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court in order to devote himself to the cause of the League of Nations, a campaign on behalf of the League is under way. In one respect this campaign differs from that which was conducted by President Wilson four years ago. Mr. Wilson had one purpose in view, and that was to secure the adherence of the United States to a plan for a guaranty by its military power together with the military power of other nations for the preservation of territorial integrity of the nations against aggression. He regarded Article X, which provided for this guaranty, as "the heart of the League," and he preferred to have the United States remain out of the League rather than to sacrifice this article.

The campaign now under way is devoted to a very different purpose. Its design is to get the United States to join the League under virtually any conditions.

The leaders of this new movement are therefore following a new strategy, instead of charging the opposition. They are trying to find a point of common agreement between themselves and those who have hitherto been opposed to the League. Especially they are emphasizing the service which the League has rendered for moral and social welfare. They point to the work that the League has done and is continuing to do in trying to control international trade in opium. They are reminding people of what the League has done in re-establishing Austria's finances. They are pointing out what the League can do, and is trying to do, for the protection of women and children. They are appealing to the support of churches by co-operation with such organizations as

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the Federal Council of Churches, the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, and the Church Peace Union. Among the most ardent advocates of this movement is President Lowell, of Harvard, who has endeavored to show that President Harding is not necessarily averse to the League, but is averse to it under the provisions of the Covenant as they now stand.

There has also been instituted by a lawyer of Detroit, Mr. Alfred Lucking, a movement to bring about a Nation-wide vote on the subject of the League.

So far, however, the willingness of the leaders to make any concession for the purpose of getting the United States to join the League leaves the object of the whole movement indefinite. That object must depend a great deal upon the character of the League, and the character of the League would depend upon the changes that are made in its constitution. It makes a vital difference whether the League is an administrative association, like the Postal Union, for carrying out certain measures already internationally accepted, or whether it is a political organization for the determination of policies.. Mr. Lucking, for instance, suggests in "Our World" the following question:

> Shall the United States become a member of the League of Nations, upon such reservations or amendments to the covenant of the League as the Senate of the United States, with the approval of the President, may agree upon?

That cannot be answered except by one who is willing to commit himself in advance to an unknown policy. It is practically asking Americans to give the Senate and the President *carte blanche.*

Photograph by Arnold Genthe

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, WINNER OF THE PULITZER PRIZE FOR POETRY

HONOR TO LEADERS OF AMERICAN THOUGHT AND ART

A CEREMONY by which seven great Americans—one woman and six men—were recognized as eminently worthy of permanent remembrance and honor took place at the Hall of Fame of New York University on May 23. The names of those so honored were Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, Frances Elizabeth Willard, Ulysses Simpson Grant, Robert Edward Lee, Alexander Hamilton, and Abraham Lincoln. Surely no one can question the eminence of even one of these Americans.

There were circumstances attending the unveiling of the seven busts that added to the fitness and beauty of the ceremony. Thus the Lincoln bust, which was a replica of one by Saint-Gaudens, was unveiled by a granddaughter of Abraham Lincoln, and the address was made by the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, who has long venerated Lincoln as a world liberator; the bust of Emerson was unveiled by the philosopher's son, Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, a presentation address was made by Mrs. Robert Haven Schauffler in behalf of the donors, the Boston Authors Club, and a speech was delivered by Dr. Henry van Dyke comparing the wisdom of Emerson with the wild utterances of some modern pessimists; the Beecher bust also was unveiled by a son of the man honored, Colonel William C. Beecher, and the address was by Dr. Hillis, the second to succeed Mr. Beecher in Plymouth Church; naturally, the tribute to Frances E. Willard was spoken by Miss Anna Gordon, now President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who spoke of its famous founder as "the most remarkable woman organizer of her century and the first internationalist among women;" an equally high tribute was paid to Alexander Hamilton by Dr. Talcott Williams, who declared that "Hamilton laid down the principles which, if followed, have always brought prosperity to this Republic."

The entire exercises, conducted under the management of Robert Underwood Johnson, lately American Ambassador to Rome, were dignified and appropriate.

As a visible expression of National honor the Hall of Fame at New York University is developing into a memorial adequate and discerning.

MERITED AWARDS

THE announcement of the prizes and scholarships established by the will of Joseph Pulitzer is an event that seems to attract increasing comment and interest year by year.

The list is too long to be quoted in full.

The journalistic awards are always peculiarly noteworthy because of the conditions attached. Thus a Southern paper, the Memphis "Commercial Appeal," is honored for a courageous news campaign against the Ku Klux Klan. William Allen White receives a prize for writing in his Emporia "Gazette" the "best editorial article, the test of excellence being

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clearness of style, moral purpose, sound reasoning, and power to influence public opinion in the right direction;" it was called "To an Anxious Friend," and was an outcome of the difference of opinion on the Kansas Industrial Law between Mr. White and his friend Governor Allen, who was just then threatening to jail the editor.

The prizes for meritorious literary performance in American biography, poetry, fiction, drama, and history have been generally recognized as well earned. Taste and judgment are bound to differ in such matters, but it would be hard to make a better complete list than that which names Mr. Burton Hendrick's "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay's books of verse and single sonnets, Miss Willa Cather's novel of the Middle West, "One of Ours," Mr. Owen Davis's much-discussed play "Icebound," and Mr. Charles Warren's monumental work "The Supreme Court in United States History."

WHAT PRESBYTERIANS BELIEVE

IN the meetings of the Presbyterian General Assembly held at Indianapolis during the latter part of May, Fundamentalists and "Evolutionists" came to grips whenever there was the slightest occasion for controversy. The debates, however, between the leaders were never acrimonious or bitter. The liberals elected the Moderator, their candidate, Dr. Charles F. Wishart, President of Wooster College, defeating Mr. Bryan himself for that office, and they also defeated Mr. Bryan when he sponsored a resolution prohibiting the teaching of evolution of any kind in schools and colleges. But the conservatives won in the case of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, whose preaching in the First Presbyterian Church of New York the Presbytery of Philadelphia had declared to be heretical.

The Committee on Bills and Overtures, consisting of 23 members, brought in a report signed by 22 of its members recommending that, in view of the fact that a committee of the New York Presbytery was already studying the Fosdick case, it "deems it unfairly intrusive to transmit to the Presbytery of New York any instructions as to the manner and method of this now pending investigation. Still less would the Assembly indicate the conclusion to be reached by this inquiry." However, a minority report, signed only by Dr. A. Gordon MacLennan, pastor of Bethany Church, Philadelphia, John Wanamaker's church, directing the Presbytery of New York to take such action "as will require the preaching and teaching in the First Presbyterian Church of New York to conform to the system of doctrine taught in the Confession of Faith" was presented. The minority report also called attention to the deliverance of the General Assembly of 1910, which was as follows:

> 1. It is an essential doctrine of the Word of God and our standards that the Holy Spirit did so inspire, guide, and move the writers of Holy Scripture as to keep them from error.
>
> 2. It is an essential doctrine of the Word of God and our standards that our Lord Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.
>
> 3. It is an essential doctrine of the Word of God and our standards that Christ offered up himself a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice and to reconcile us to God.
>
> 4. It is an essential doctrine of the Word of God and of our standards concerning our Lord Jesus Christ, that on the third day he rose again from the dead with the same body with which he suffered, with which also he ascended into heaven, and there sitteth at the right hand of his Father, making intercession.
>
> 5. It is an essential doctrine of the Word of God as the supreme standard of our faith that our Lord Jesus showed his power and love by working mighty miracles. This working was not contrary to nature, but superior to it.

The minority report was adopted after one of the most dramatic discussions in its history.

A protest was signed by 66 of the commissioners against the action of the Assembly as follows:

> 1. We protest against the action taken because it was based upon allegations made by one presbytery in regard to conditions in another presbytery, which are not substantiated by the evidence.
>
> 2. We protest against the action taken, because it passes judgment on a matter which is not now, and never has been, before the Assembly by order of protest, and condemns without proper hearing.
>
> 3. We protest against the action taken, because it seeks to impose upon the office bearers of our Church doctrinal tests other than, or in addition to, those solemnly agreed upon in the Constitution of our Church. We present this protest for record on the minutes of the Assembly.

It is contended by the progressives that the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church gives the right of private interpretation of the Bible to every member. In the preliminary principles laid down in the Constitution it is stated:

> God alone is Lord of the conscience; and "hath left it free from the doctrine and commandments of men, which are in anything contrary to his Word, or beside it in matters of faith or worship:" Therefore they consider the rights of private judgment, in all matters that respect religion, as universal and unalienable. . . .
>
> That while under the conviction of the above principle, they think it necessary to make effectual provision, that all who are admitted as teachers be sound in the faith; they also believe that there are truths and forms with respect to which men of good characters and principles may differ. And in all these they think it the duty both of private Christians and societies to exercise mutual forbearance towards each other. . . .
>
> That all church power, whether exercised by the body in general, or in the way of representation by delegated authority, is only ministerial and declarative; that is to say, that the Holy Scriptures are the only rule of faith and manners; that no church judicatory ought to pretend to make laws to bind the conscience in virtue of their own authority; and that all their decisions should be founded upon the revealed will of God.

It was affirmed by the opponents of the minority report that some of the so-called "essentials" are not to be found either in the Bible or in the standards of the Church. They rested their case upon the Constitution and Confession of Faith of the Church and insisted that it was just as heretical to go beyond the Constitution as it was to come short of its teaching. In the entire discussion it was not a question as to whether or not the "Fundamentalist" teachings were to be accepted and taught, but whether these teachings were to be forced upon those ministers whose consciences would not permit them to teach them.

It is a question to what extent the General Assembly truly represents the members of the Presbyterian Church throughout the country in a discussion dealing with theological or sociological problems. The fact is that two-thirds of its members live in cities where the large churches are, whereas two-thirds of the churches are in small towns and in the open country, many of these churches having a mere handful of members. But representation in the General Assembly is based, not upon the membership of the church, but upon the number of ministers in the church. Thus one-third of the membership of the church, which is in the country, elects two-thirds of the commissioners.

WHAT PRESBYTERIANS ARE DOING

AFTER many years of struggle and opposition, a committee headed by Dr. John Timothy Stone, of Chicago, brought in an admirably worked

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out plan by which the sixteen benevolent boards of the Church dealing with various branches of its work were reduced to four. These are known as the Board of National Missions, the Board of Foreign Missions, the Board of Christian Education, and the Board of Ministerial Relief and Sustentation. The General Assembly adopted the entire plan with slight modifications.

Prohibition was given a great deal of consideration. The Assembly was ready to adopt almost any kind of resolution which aimed at the complete abolition of the liquor traffic or the use of intoxicants for beverage purposes. The Assembly condemned "the enemies of prohibition who through economic pressure have forced Iceland to suspend for one year her prohibitory laws and forced Norway to suspend hers indefinitely." It also urged all Presbyterians, "especially ministers and elders, to discourage by precept and example the use of tobacco in all forms."

The Assembly decided that it would not grant aid to any denominational college which employed an instructor who was not a member of the Christian Church.

Theological seminaries which failed to provide a curriculum that satisfactorily prepared their students to meet modern social and religious conditions were severely arraigned by a "visitation committee" which had made an exhaustive survey of conditions in the seminaries during the past year, and the Assembly urged such seminaries to reorganize their studies and methods. However, the Committee commended the comparatively few seminaries which had already adjusted their work to meet the need of modern times. It was also suggested by this Committee that special courses be given in denominational colleges preparing men and women as teachers and directors of religious education and business managers of church activities. The special courses suggested included the English Bible, applied psychology, sociology, business organization, the principles of education, and appropriate courses in allied fields of learning. Such a course should lead to the degree of Bachelor of Science in religious education, or some more suitable designation, according to the report of the Committee.

The reports submitted to the Assembly indicated a prosperous year. The total membership is now about 1,800,000, a net gain over last year of 44,000, as against a gain of 34,000 the previous year. An effort will be made greatly to increase the endowment fund of the Board of Ministerial Relief and Sustentation. Will H. Hays, who is a Presbyterian elder, will serve on a committee to raise this fund.

SCIENCE AND THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD

EACH generation has to fight its own battles.

Recently, however, it has seemed as if this generation in America were beginning again a battle that was ended years ago. From pulpit and lecture platform have been coming arguments that are like echoes of the past. Apparently there are many in America that are as much disturbed as their fathers and grandfathers were by the very idea of evolution.

When that idea was new, it was misunderstood as a destructive force in thought, somewhat as the steam locomotive when it was first invented was feared as a monster which would frighten horses and disturb the orderly means of traffic. Less than twenty years ago the automobile was so rare a vehicle that the occupants of one running in some parts of New York City had to be on their guard against missiles that might be thrown at them; but in twenty years the automobile has become an accepted part of ordinary life, and is recognized as an indispensable means of transportation. No one to-day would think of raising again the once familiar outcry against the automobile as a dangerous innovation. For a considerably longer period than twenty years the idea of evolution has been as familiar to all who read and think as the automobile is to all who ride, and for its purpose it is quite as serviceable. People have found that it is not destructive of sound thinking, of faith, or of moral ideals. On the contrary, it has given men a conception of the universe which has made their thinking more orderly, their faith profounder, and their moral ideals surer.

Evolution does not purport to explain any ultimate cause, but to describe a universal process. It has enabled men to see the whole universe in which they live and of which they are a part progressing from the indefinite and the simple to the definite and the complex. They now see this process of development working in all parts of the universe—in inanimate things, in living plants and animals, in human society, and in human ideas.

This conception of evolution has not offered any explanation for the process. It has simply enabled men to follow its history. It has come as the result of study and thought for generations. It has been the product of science. And in turn it has produced further extensions of scientific knowledge. It has become a part of the scientist's equipment of thinking as truly as has the conception of gravitation. Like the theory of gravitation, it is subject to modification in detail, but it is never likely to be superseded.

Profound as has its effect been upon the scientist, it has been no less profound upon the student of religion.

To primitive man what lay beyond the mountain or the desert or the sea that bordered his world belonged to the Infinite. When he reached out to the Infinite, it was toward these narrow borders of his world that he turned his mind. As his world enlarged he did not lose the sense of the Infinite; on the contrary, the mystery with which he was surrounded grew vaster and his sense of dependence upon the Power that lay beyond his understanding grew stronger. As he learned more of the world in which he lived his conception of God grew higher and profounder. Knowledge of the universe has never been destructive of religion; it has been destructive only of narrow forms of religion; it has made religion not less necessary to man, but more necessary.

And in this progress of acquaintance with the universe the conception of evolution has come as a new revelation of God. As it has enabled men to realize better the vastness of creation, it has given man a new sense of the Creator. It has not removed mysteries; it has made men more than ever conscious of the fact that the mysteries with which they are surrounded are unfathomable. Among all that modern science has brought to modern man, there is nothing so obvious as the new reason it supplies for a life of reverence in the presence of the Infinite.

Those, therefore, who are withstanding the progress of science, who are endeavoring to stop their own ears and the ears of others to the message of evolution, are not serving religion, but are doing religion disservice. They are not making it easier for men to believe, but are making it more difficult for those who are growing up under a new sense of the vastness of the universe and the mystery of life to understand that faith itself can grow by feeding on knowledge. These opponents of progress are doing their best to make God seem finite, as if God

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could be outgrown by his own universe.

In these days the duty of the teacher of religion is not to teach evolution, but it is to show to those who do accept evolution, and the new scientific knowledge that it has enabled men to acquire, that what they have learned about the universe is simply more of God's way of doing things, to use John Fiske's phrase; that the more they learn of that, the profounder their faith may become.

Thus this conception of evolution has afforded men a new opportunity not only to be conscious of the power of God, but also to know something more of God's character.

As never before men now see that through all the universe runs one law. In distant stars as upon the earth, in ages ago as to-day, in the minds of men and in the rocks and trees, in all nature and all life, there runs this one process. In a universe of one law there cannot be many gods. Until the conception of evolution seized the minds of men there might have been some conceivable defense of the theory that God himself was thwarted or hindered by some other power, another god; or that God was a God of two minds, subject to uncertainty of will. To-day it is impossible for the scientist to believe in a whimsical God, a lawless God, an irresponsible God, a changeable God. And science, through its conception of evolution, has confirmed the profoundest teachings of religion concerning the immutability of the moral law. The idea that once prevailed that we are living in a chaos, in a world deranged, is no longer possible except to those who have not yet grasped the truth of modern science. Except to those the idea that somehow the universe is apart from God, uncontrolled by him except as he intervenes miraculously and lawlessly, is no longer admissible. On the contrary, this fundamental idea of orderliness, of reason, as prevailing throughout the universe has not only given a new confirmation of the old religious message that God is a God of reason, and justice, and order, but has given strength to the ancient truth that the essence of sin and evil is unreason and lawlessness.

Evolution has made antiquated some of the old conceptions that people by long association have prized; but likewise it has made antiquated also the old infidelity, the old atheism. It has not only not banished religion or made faith more difficult; it has, in fact, rendered it impossible for any thinking person who really understands the conception underlying evolution to be without reverence and a consciousness of the need of faith.

JULES JUSSERAND, HUMANE SCHOLAR

WE have recently been celebrating here in America the twenty years that M. J. J. Jusserand has served his country and ours as Ambassador from France to the United States. The completion of such a period at such a post is a remarkable record, all the more notable since the last two decades have been full of political change and of novelties in political thought, and only a supple, sympathetic mind could have continued with undiminished authority to interpret the two countries to each other.

But M. Jusserand has benefited the world in other fields than diplomacy, and it is a satisfaction to observe that at the public dinners recently given in New York City in his honor a tribute was paid to his eminence as a scholar and a man of letters. Since 1878, when he was beginning his lifelong duties in the foreign service of France, he has managed to find time—just how, no professional scholar can easily guess—for studies in the history of English literature and civilization. In that year he brought out his essay on the theater in England from the Conquest to Shakespeare's predecessors, a supplement and in a sense a correction of Taine's account of the English stage. Six years later he published the charming study of English wayfaring life in the fourteenth century, three years after that his study of the novel in Shakespeare's time, and six years later his essay on the mystic epic of William Langland. During the last twenty years he has been at work on his splendid "Literary History of the English People," the third volume of which appeared in 1909, and for the same or a longer period he has been the general editor of *"Les Grands Écrivains Français,"* studies in the life, the works, and the influence of the principal authors of French literature. To this series of forty volumes, somewhat like the English or American Men of Letters Series, but on the whole superior to them in literary acumen, he himself contributed the study of Ronsard in 1913. All this in addition to occasional contributions to the journals of learned societies, like the paper famous now in Spenserian scholarship on "The Twelve Moral Virtues as Aristotle Hath Devised," and in addition to collected addresses and essays, such as the recent "With Americans of Yesterday and of To-day."

A professional scholar would consider such a product as more than creditable to a lifetime spent in doing nothing else, or at worst interrupted only by teaching; and for the scholar who knows his business teaching is another way of pursuing his researches. But it would be stupid of us to forget that M. Jusserand has accomplished this remarkable result while following with distinction the most punctilious and the most exacting of careers. A reader not acquainted with his books might jump to the conclusion that, produced in conditions so unfavorable for research, they must be pleasantly casual rather than scholarly in the strict sense. The reverse is true. They are such books as are produced only by prolonged research, they deal with an enormous fund of first-hand information, and, though their manner is modest enough, they bring before the reader, as French literary scholarship often does, a range of philosophical ideas fruitful beyond even the promise of the subject. The brief paper, for example, on "The Twelve Moral Virtues as Aristotle Hath Devised" pretends to do no more than point out that the twelve virtues in the "Faerie Queene" could not have been derived, as the poet said, from Aristotle, for the two good reasons that Aristotle did not discuss twelve moral virtues, and only a few of those he did discuss coincide with the virtues in Spenser's allegory. That M. Jusserand was able to make so obvious a contribution to Spenserian scholarship is explained by the fact that he had found time to read Aristotle, which the overworked British and American Spenserians had apparently neglected to do. Some of them have argued hotly with him since to prove that his very obvious facts are wrong. But, having established his simple and important point, he went on in the brief paper to explain how the confusion may have arisen in Spenser's mind, and his suggestions opened up so wide a field of Renaissance thought that more than one scholar has devoted himself to some part of it ever since, catching up, as it were, with the reading of the French Ambassador.

But, wide and thorough as M. Jusserand's reading is, he is far more remarkable for the use he makes of it. He is a standing refutation of the

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charge, too often just, that scholarship has little to do with life. The charge can be made because the kind of scholarship we are most familiar with is the kind that thinks any research important, provided it be carefully done, and resolutely declines to ask whether some research is worth doing at all. This is uncriticised scholarship, to be classed with the uncriticised life which Socrates deplored. We owe it, unfortunately, to Germany, and it is at its worst in the field of literature. How we have accepted German guidance in this matter is evidenced in the doctoral theses we still turn out—unreadable books on other books long since found unreadable. This is literary scholarship as invented by an industrial culture.

We have also with us from time to time a scholarship which is little better than propaganda, an attempt to write history in favor of some political or philosophical or religious preconception. In this kind of scholarship when we know the bias of the scholar we know what kind of facts his research will exclusively produce. He seems less remote from life than the first kind of scholar, who has no bias only because he has no ideas, yet the propagandist brings disrepute on scholarship, even with the unscholarly, who in his heart knows how admirable is a pure quest for truth.

M. Jusserand is such a truth-lover. Or we might say simply that he is a lover of life, as the greatest scholars are, and his studies are a natural result of his desire to know more of the world in which he finds himself. To understand England and the English he studied the English past. His books were not written to inform his own people particularly about Great Britain, nor to illustrate to the British the French character; and when his duties brought him to the United States he did not abandon the studies already begun nor offer us the cheap flattery of writing thenceforth about us. He remained such a student of human nature as Montaigne was, or Molière, or La Fontaine. He belongs with those great modern French scholars, the chief of them his friend Gaston Paris, who deliberately determined to practice the thoroughness of Teutonic erudition with the saving grace of humor, good sense, and discrimination for whatever is humane. If his services to diplomacy should ever be forgotten, M. Jusserand's achievements as scholar and writer will be remembered among the best in that kind in our time.

WORDS, WONDERFUL WORDS!

HAVE words virtue and beauty and inspiration of their own when used without apparent connection—shaken out of a pepper-box, as it were? Miss Gertrude Stein thinks so, and Mr. Sherwood Anderson is her prophet. In Miss Stein's new book, "Geography and Plays"[1] (why called so is an enigma in itself), she out-buttons her famous "Tender Buttons." Here is a passage from what purports to be a tale about gypsies—no gypsies, however, appear, although there is reference to a "stew, stew, than," and to "a little piece of fly that makes a ling a shoulder:"

> Come a little cheese. Come a little cheese and same same tall sun with a little thing to team, team now a bass a wholesome gurgle, little tin, little tin soak, soak why Sunday, supreme measure.

And here is a passage from "A Portrait of F. B.," which is neither more nor less biographical than the rest of the supposed "portrait:"

> Leave the package will the book use the warmer there, sight the sound that has no platter, season all the simple ginger, make a bucket simpler.

Both these beautiful selections are prose—the only way of telling is by the length of the lines; of verse we can give but one brief specimen:

> MALLORCAN STORIES
>
> Romanonos no.
> Maurer see.
> Sun never sets.
> Napoleon the third, cathedral.
> McKinley's eagle.
> Pope's prayers for peace.
> Pins and needles ship.
> Mallorcan stories.

The natural conclusion after a glance at some four hundred pages of this style of writing is that the author is "spoofing," or, as her introducer says he once thought, "putting something across to . . . get herself discussed in the newspapers." There does seem evident also a queer desire to do with words what cubists in art have done with lines, and this idea is made probable by the fact that once the author wrote a book on "Matisse and Picasso."

But here comes Sherwood Anderson, a novelist much admired by critics of the ultra-modernist school, and, in fact, a man with a streak of genius, even if his kind of genius is a bit perverse. In a preface to this senseless and frequently rhythmless mass of jumbled words and phrases, he insists that all this is "the most important pioneer work done in the field of letters in my time." It seems that we are all too much occupied in grand and important thoughts and neglect the little words, and that "these books of Gertrude Stein's do in a very real sense recreate life in words." Furthermore, remarks Mr. Anderson:

> One works with words and one would like words that have a taste on the lips, that have a perfume to the nostrils, rattling words one can throw into a box and shake, making a sharp, jingling sound, words that, when seen on the printed page, have a distinct arresting effect upon the eye, words that when they jump out from under the pen one may feel with the fingers as one might caress the cheeks of his beloved.

All right! Be it so! For the present we will begin by trying to get some noble emotion out of the author's beautiful sentiment that "A cold hash than means sawdust and hot enough, hot enough heating."

[1] The reader will find in our Book Table this week a discussion of Miss Stein's book.

THE GOD OF VENGEANCE

A NEW YORK jury has found a company of actors guilty of giving an immoral performance of a drama. The play which brought about this trial and conviction was Sholom Ash's "God of Vengeance"—a play which has appeared all over the Continent of Europe and has been presented many times in the Yiddish theater of New York. The play has had its day in court, and has been judged by the usual and proper process of law. Whether or not we agree or disagree with the verdict of the jury, we must recognize that such a process is infinitely closer to the American method of doing things than any system of censorship can possibly be. Probably the verdict in the present case is in accord with the general standard of American opinion. Whether or not that opinion concerning such questions as are involved in such a trial as this is either consistent or properly discriminating may well be discussed.

"The God of Vengeance" is a terrible tragedy. It is the tragedy of a man who has lived an unclean life, who faces the facts of his own existence frankly; but who hopes that his daughter may be saved from the heritage of his misdoings. His trade is that of brothel-keeper. By means of an honorable marriage he hopes to lift

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his daughter into a different world. As a symbol of this desire he has prepared for her the Holy Scroll. Yekel, the father, sums up his purpose in securing this Scroll in his conversation with a rabbi and a matchmaker, Reb Ali:

> Rebbi, I can speak plainly to you. We're alone. My wife may hear it, too. We are sinners. I know, God will punish us. Let him punish. That doesn't bother me. Let him cripple me, disfigure me; let him make me a pauper, so that I'll have to go begging from door to door. . . . Anything but that. . . . Rebbi, when a man has a son who goes to the bad—the devil take him. But a daughter, Rebbi. If a daughter falls, it is as if the mother had sinned in her grave. So I went to the holy synagogue and said to him [pointing to Reb Ali]: "Give me something that'll guard my home from evil." So he said to me: "Have a Holy Scroll written and place it in your home." Rebbi, as for us, our souls belong to the devil, anyway. . . . For her, and in her room I'll place the Scroll; for her to have as a companion. As for us, we dare not, we must not. . . . Rebbi, take away all I own. I'll let you strip me bare. . . . Take everything, everything. And I'll say to my girl, "Forget your mother . . . forget your father." And I'll send her and her husband all they need, in a roundabout way. "Here's your food and drink, keep on studying in your holy books. . . . I don't know you . . . you don't know me."

The ambitions of Yekel are doomed to fail, for his daughter has already been scorched with the fire that has been fed by her own father's hands. The end of the play is as inevitable as the vengeance of a Greek tragedy. Broken, almost mad with grief at the failure of his dream, Yekel drags his daughter downstairs into the room of his profession and orders the Holy Scroll taken from his house.

If a play is to be considered immoral because it makes immorality attractive, certainly this play should escape the action of the law. If a play is to be considered immoral because it recognizes frankly that immorality exists, there would be few pieces of great literature which would escape condemnation. If a play is to be considered as immoral because by its realistic portrayal of immorality and its results it shocks the clean-minded and may tend to make the frivolous cynical, the verdict of the jury in "The God of Vengeance" is understandable. If the purpose of an author and if the whole effect of a play upon the audience are to be ignored and the play judged solely by words, phrases, and scenes, then the verdict of the jury on "The God of Vengeance" is just.

It seems to us a strange commentary upon the maturity of American opinion that "The God of Vengeance" should be suppressed while comic operas whose chief appeal is to the senses, and burlesques in which the only form of wit is the ridicule of every kind of idealism, are permitted to go unscathed. If it is injurious to public morals to treat sin as a terrible tragedy, how much more injurious is it to treat it with abandoned levity? Is the drama which teaches that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children to have precedence in punishment over the drama which teaches "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die"?

STANLEY BALDWIN

BY ROBERT M. FIELD

KING GEORGE has named Stanley Baldwin as Prime Minister of Great Britain to succeed Bonar Law. His action is marked by two significant details. The first is that in so doing he has exercised a measure of discretion seldom accorded the British monarch. Dissension and confusion in the ranks of the Conservative party made impossible the normal method of naming the logical successor, since in the present case there was none, the party in power being sharply divided between Lord Curzon and Mr. Baldwin. The second significant detail is that the King, denying the claim of the Marquis of Kedleston, who has been honored by the Crown more than any other statesman of this generation, selected a commoner to head the new Cabinet.

Stanley Baldwin is a vigorous, straight-thinking, hard-hitting business man. His fifty-five years rest lightly on his shoulders and a well-developed sense of humor of the dry sort buttresses a sturdy constitution. He is alert as a man of robust mental and physical health should be, but remarkably quiet in speech. In general he has a good style of delivery for the front benches, though at times he speaks too rapidly. His answers in the House of Commons are extremely matter of fact and notable for being so concise. Brevity, indeed, is one of Baldwin's great virtues. To cite an example, his Budget speech in the last session was the shortest on record, and utterly devoid of the elaborate oratorical effects which Gladstone and Lloyd George had made famous in years past.

The new Premier is the son of the late Alfred Baldwin, the principal factor in Baldwin's, Limited, a great steel combine in South Wales. His mother and three aunts are known as "four famous women." One aunt was the mother of Kipling—named Rudyard because his mother and father courted at the town of that name; another became the wife of Burne-Jones, the painter; and the third became the wife of Poynter, the artist. Of the four, Mrs. Baldwin alone lives to witness the triumph of the younger Baldwin.

Stanley Baldwin was born August 3, 1867, and educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. Early in his university days he showed a special aptitude for mathematics and political economy. Thus by natural inclination as well as family connections he was drawn into trade and received his supplementary training there. His commercial activities sharpened a talent for economics and finance, already proved proficient at Cambridge, until he became almost a genius for figures.

The first phase of Baldwin's political career opened with a defeat and was marked by the absence of any great activity. After his marriage—he married Lucy Ridsdale in 1892 and has six children, two boys and four girls—he stood for Parliament, unsuccessfully contesting Kidderminster. Undaunted, he submitted his candidacy two years later, in 1908, and fared better, winning the place of his father in the House of Commons. As the member for the Bewdley division of Worcestershire during the ten-year period after his election he attracted little attention, content, it seemed, to play a minor rôle in British politics. In 1916 his chief claim to distinction lay in the fact that he was a shrewd, level-headed, highly successful business leader.

With the war, however, came a beckoning opportunity, and he entered a second phase. Trained in trade, he was invaluable as a dollar-a-year man. The second year of the war he was practically drafted into public service. He acted first as private secretary to Bonar Law and later as the financial secretary of the Treasury. In these

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two positions his financial ability asserted itself so unmistakably that he was immediately recognized. In 1921 he became the President of the Board of Trade, a position corresponding to Minister of Commerce. So, like Bonar Law, he served with the Coalition under the leadership of Lloyd George until the famous Carlton Club meeting of the Conservatives last fall which made inevitable the overthrow of the Coalition.

With that meeting Baldwin entered into the third phase of his public career. For the first time he asserted himself in the councils of the Conservatives, challenging the leadership of Austen Chamberlain, as well as Lord Birkenhead, and forcing the issue of Tory unity. As a result of Baldwin's activity Lloyd George retired, Chamberlain, Birkenhead, and Horne, with the others of his Cabinet, following him into the political wilderness. When Bonar Law became Prime Minister, his former private secretary became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Now, after six full months, the poor health of Bonar Law, and two major political achievements of his own, Baldwin is Premier. Other considerations influenced the choice of Baldwin, but the two essentially vital factors were his funding of the debt with America and his Budget. In each of these enterprises Baldwin built largely upon the accomplishments of his personal friend and business associate, Sir Robert Horne, whom he now seeks to include in his Cabinet. Sir Robert had laid the groundwork for each problem. So, when Baldwin came to America early this year, he accomplished his mission in one month and was gone before people generally regarded the conference as begun. Once returned to London, he hastened to introduce his first Budget. Defending it, he showed, to the surprise of the Commons, a surplus of $500,000,000, but increased the revenues only $50,000,000, taking care of the difference by the application of the most rigid economy. As a result of his drastic action, there was an immediate reduction in postal rates and a lowered income tax, with the corporation tax cut in two.

Such is the meteoric political career of Stanley Baldwin. With two major achievements to his credit, he now enters on the fourth phase of his official life. Essentially a new man in British politics, he must confront new and old problems which press for immediate solution. He must reknit, if possible, his own party. So long as the brains and power of Chamberlain, Birkenhead, and Horne are outside of the party, Baldwin's position will be precarious. With an ominous labor group steadily gaining in strength and political experience, with a Liberal party now in process of reunion, Baldwin's first task will be to make sure of his own hearth. His overtures to Lord Curzon, robbed at the eleventh hour of his life's most prized object, to Sir Robert Horne, to Sir Austen Chamberlain, his appointment of Lord Robert Cecil—all indicate a disposition and active desire to strengthen his Cabinet and unite his party.

(C) Harris & Ewing

STANLEY BALDWIN, NEW PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN

The menace of unemployment at home with 1,000,000 men out of work must be dealt with. Baldwin has been noted for his lively sympathy with the workers. His views in 1921 as President of the Board of Trade were pronouncedly in favor of labor, so the working classes have great respect for him. Personally he has the strongest sense of social responsibility, as evidenced by the fact that when there was a lockout at his steel mills he continued the wages of his employees. In Parliament he has devoted his abilities to the problems of unemployment and the finance of the Housing Bill.

Abroad he may be expected to continue the policy of Bonar Law. Lord Curzon will remain in the Cabinet only with the understanding that he is to direct foreign affairs. While there will therefore be no domination from No. 10 Downing Street, it is inevitable that the new Prime Minister will follow the situation in the Ruhr with painstaking care, for he himself is the author of a plan for the payment of reparations. His financial ability and business acumen will bring a demand for a settlement there based on the facts. Economic realism will be his theme.

By swift stages Stanley Baldwin has reached the Premiership. In gratifying his ambition he has eclipsed Lord Curzon, the Marquis of Kedleston, and made plain the significant change that has come in British opinion. The Tories of the Empire, ignoring the traditionally valid claim of a worthy representative of the titled and landed aristocracy, have named as their leader a commoner best known as an aristocrat of achievement. A duke, a marquis, and two earls, each with a stronger and better claim on the favor of the Conservative party, have been compelled to bow to a plain mister, who, far from being disgraced by association with trade, now rules his countrymen because of the skill he showed in the coal mines and steel mills of Wales.

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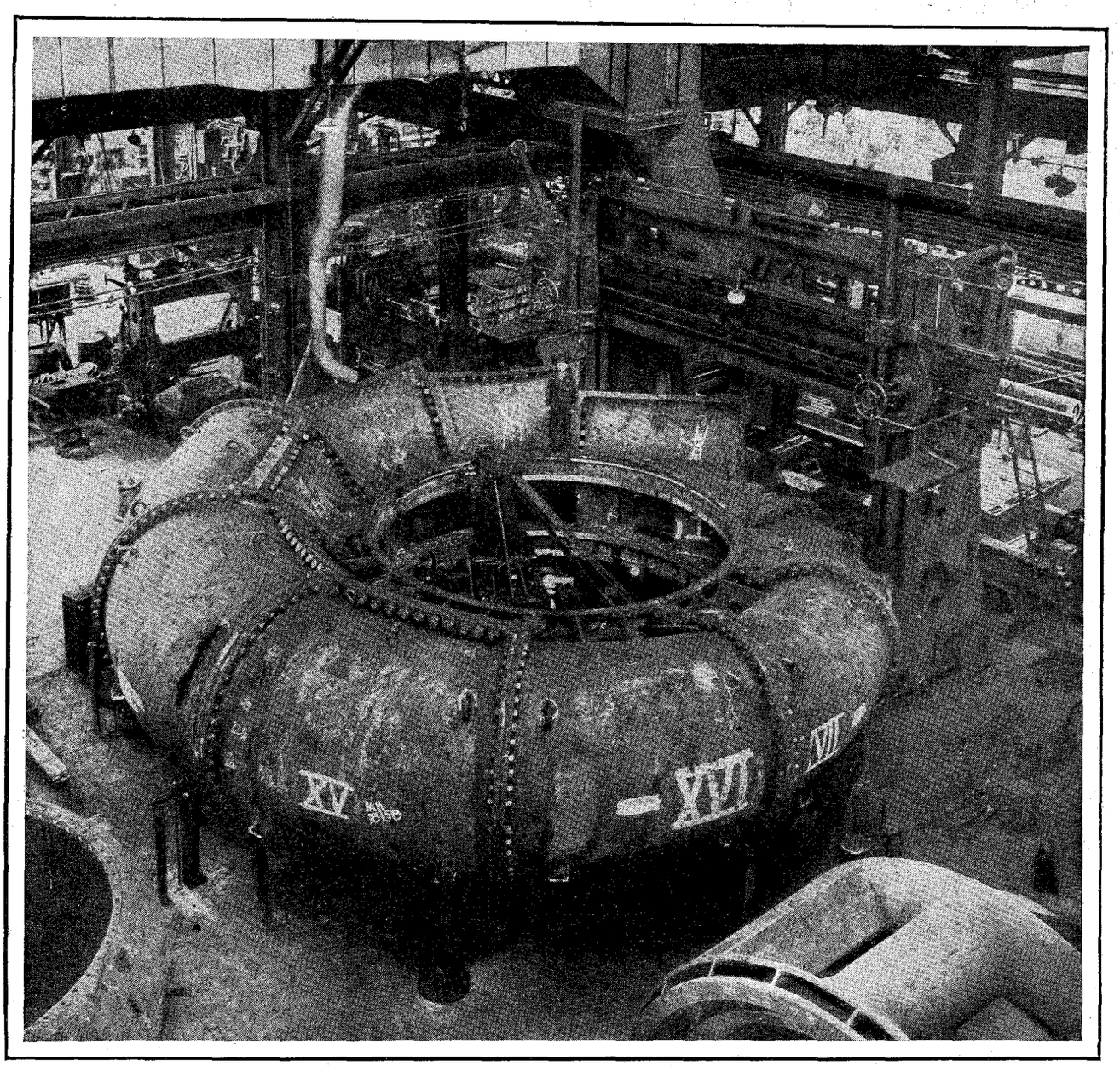
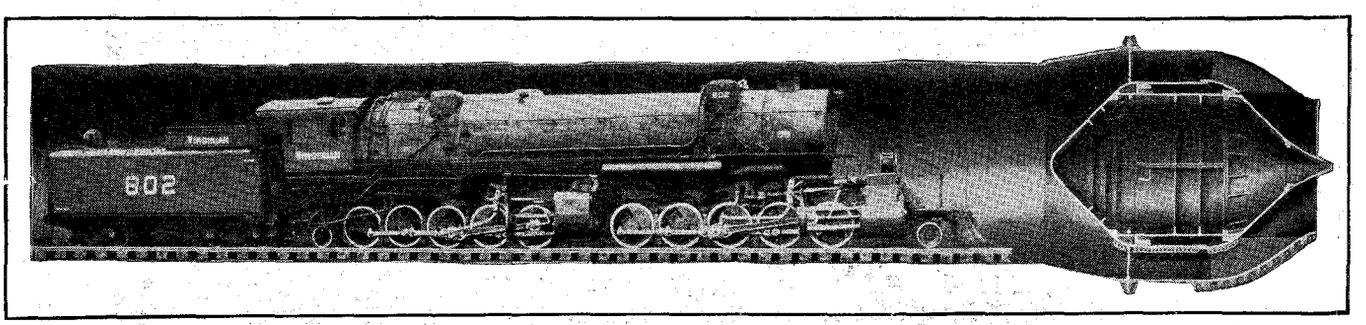
UNITS IN A GREAT



This is the cast-steel casing of one of the new 70,000 horse-power turbines which will be installed at Niagara Falls for the Niagara Falls Power Company. The water is admitted to the big end of this huge snail-shell through the penstock valve, a cross-section of which is shown below. The turbine wheel is located in the center of the helix and the water is thrown against its blades by the guide vanes, one of which can be seen just below the figure of the man standing on the casing. Both the turbines and the penstock valve shown below were designed and constructed by the William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building Company



The size of the penstock valve which admits water to the 70,000 horse-power turbines of this new power development is indicated by this drawing, which shows it in comparison with the largest locomotive yet built. The flow of water is controlled by the movement of the chamber at the right

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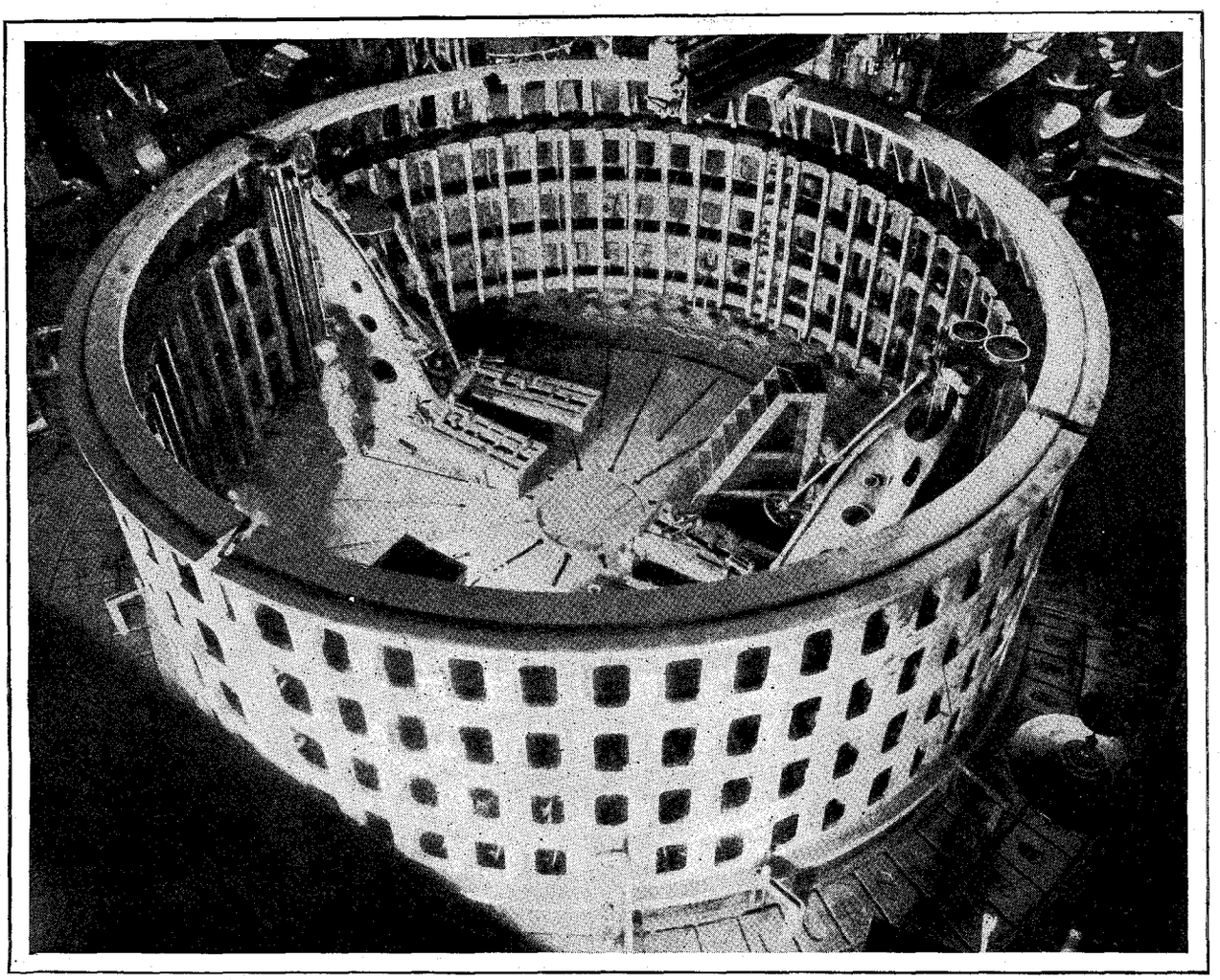
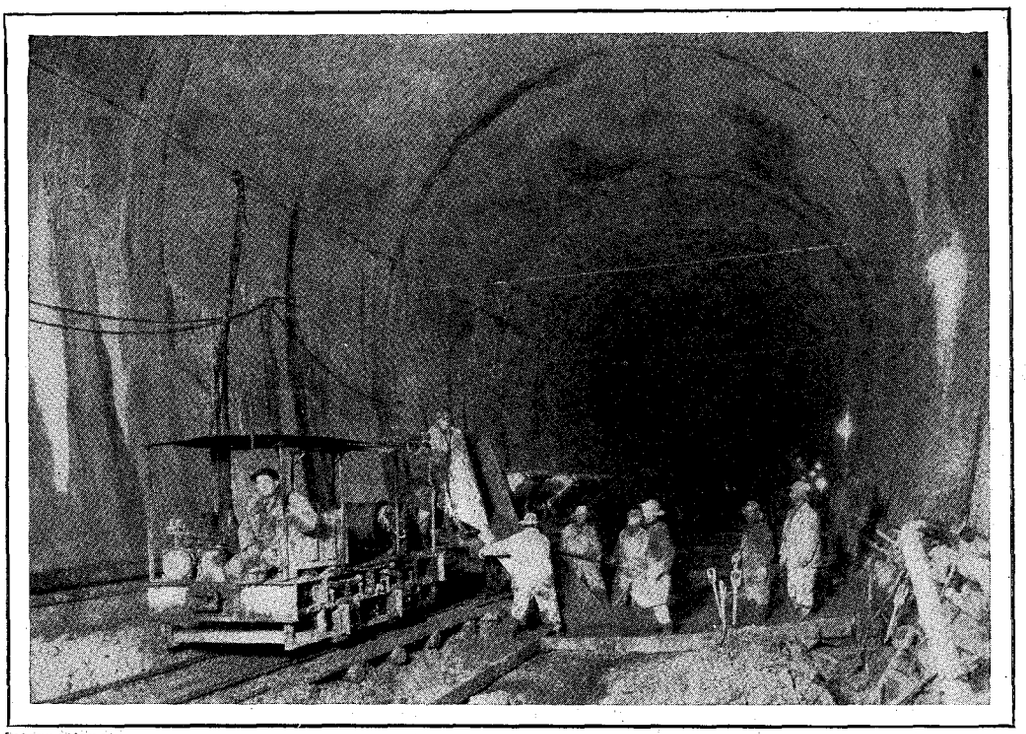
POWER DEVELOPMENT



International

The great turbines, one of which is shown on the opposite page, will drive this electric generator constructed by the General Electric Company for the Niagara Falls Power Company. This machine is designed to develop 87,000 horse-power, or enough electrical energy to light more than two and a half million electric lights—sufficient to supply the electrical needs of a city the size of Boston. There will be two of these generators, each weighing 700 tons. They will be 26 feet high and 35 feet in diameter



International

Here is the tunnel which conducts the water from the Niagara River. It has been driven through solid rock and is of horseshoe form, sixty feet high and sixty feet wide. The men are at work completing the concrete lining

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Keystone

"The tremendous leverage of thighs helping backs for the next heave"

CALIFORNIA 'VARSITY OARSMEN

THE ORACLE OF THE OAR

BY GEORGE MARVIN

THE oar is a twelve-foot shaft of ash with a copper-tipped spoon blade, buttoned with greasy leather one-third of its length from the handle, where it answers smoothly in the swiveling lock of the outrigger to a turn of the wrist. He is also a young man of twenty years or thereabouts, made of whalebone, tanned quadroon by the suns of June and May, possessing thoughts and feelings highly sensitized by health of body, mind, and spirit.

The oar and the "oar" are boon comrades, their loyalty sweated together by long and joyful suffering. The handle of the oar, grooved and roughened by a rasp, bears two dark patches with a virgin space between, marks of fealty, where two hands have gripped and turned it through long afternoons.

With the oar the "oar" expresses himself, takes infinite pains, accomplishes greatly. Perhaps he is Bow, this oar lightest and nimblest of the eight; or Five, tallest and heaviest, sitting, where he belongs, in the waist of the boat. Maybe he is Stroke, the general, commanding the rest in rhythms, cool head on a hot body; planning, wondering, resolving. Or he is Seven, brilliant and faithful utterly. Stroke is the orchestra leader, Seven the first violin; Stroke is the head and Seven the heart of the eight. Upon these two the crew is built, and upon them the other six especially depend, though all must interdepend in a comitatus more close than ever the fighting, seafaring Angles knew. Eight individualities have disappeared in the composite personality of the Crew, a separate co-ordinate being which endows with life all the inanimate sixty-two feet of cedar shell from its tip leaping inviolate ahead to the rudder-post leaving its white wake in the water astern.

Herein is the philosophy of the "oar," enlisting thought and sense intensely—the obliteration of self. And yet behold a seeming paradox. For this same loss of self goes wedded to enormous pride—the pride of a viking, exultant, tingling. No man can row humbly and victoriously. He must be eagerly conscious of that one-eighth of a greater self which is he, and overweeningly proud of it. This truth the laity may glimpse, for it is a state of mind in battle for other good causes, but hardly may one grasp its aquatic refinement without sitting in a racing boat. Out of this selflessness and pride springs the painful joy of oarsmanship which is one ingredient of victory.

Taken together, most of the other ingredients make up the skill element in rowing which plucks oarsmanship out of the category of the obvious and makes it at once a science and an art, a thing of delicate, beautiful precision. Skill goes up in a geometric progression with distance. To the thousands of spectators along the banks of rivers or on observation craft in the stream boat races appear to be contests in pulling. The eight *cognoscenti* sitting and pulling in each flying "shell" know better. Rowing with heads and hearts as well as with bodies, they know that pulling is only a part of their warfare. Any one of the physically fit can pull; and these elect are the survival of hundreds of the physically fit because of "the little more and how much it is." Consider how this may be.

A "shell," remember, is a shell in fact. Twenty-three inches wide and one-eighth of an inch in thickness, it weighs less than any two of the chosen eight men it carries and who every evening nonchalantly toss it over their heads to house it. The problem that keeps coaches and captains awake at night and keeps every "oar" thinking in and out of the boat is, not how to pull their shell over the face of the waters, but how to keep it going between strokes, when fourteen hundred pounds of live weight—and oftentimes very weary weight—are thrown aft against its headway at least thirty times a minute. To the man on the stationary seat of the substantial rowboat of commerce or picnic this means nothing. It means everything to the eight men on seats which slide at the touch of a finger-tip twenty inches fore and aft in the unsubstantial shell of cedar which they must balance on its glassy keel while their twelve-foot sweeps are poised in air. Your "eight" differs from your tug-of-war team in having to let go, thirty or forty times a minute, and take a fresh hold without losing ground. The problem of not losing ground calls for high

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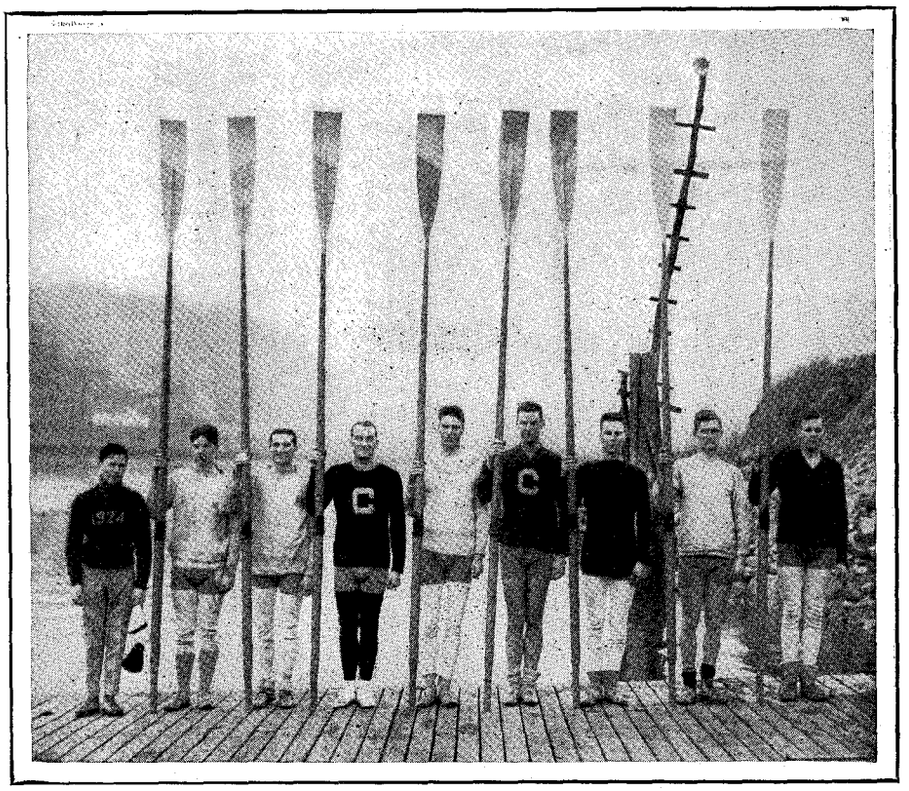
concentration. It is a problem in individual self-control multiplied by eight; not easy when each man is freshly alert, and increasingly difficult as exhaustion numbs muscles and partially atrophies the thinking process. This is why months of practice in disciplined thinking are necessary in forming a habit of mind and body impervious to physical punishment. The brute pulls; but the thinker, the man, must recover.

Fresh in the memory of every old "oar" are experiences which demonstrate, with an emphasis beyond words to impart, the value of the less obvious things in rowing. On race day a crew of strong men gets off in the lead and goes battling heroically down the course, lashing the water and surging up and down the boat, ding-dong, ding-dong. But now the strong crew, which seemed to have lagged behind at the start, begins to move up slowly, inexorably. Its bow laps the leader's coxswain, then creeps along, past strong man after strong man swinging furiously in the overtaken boat, until it shows out serene in front.

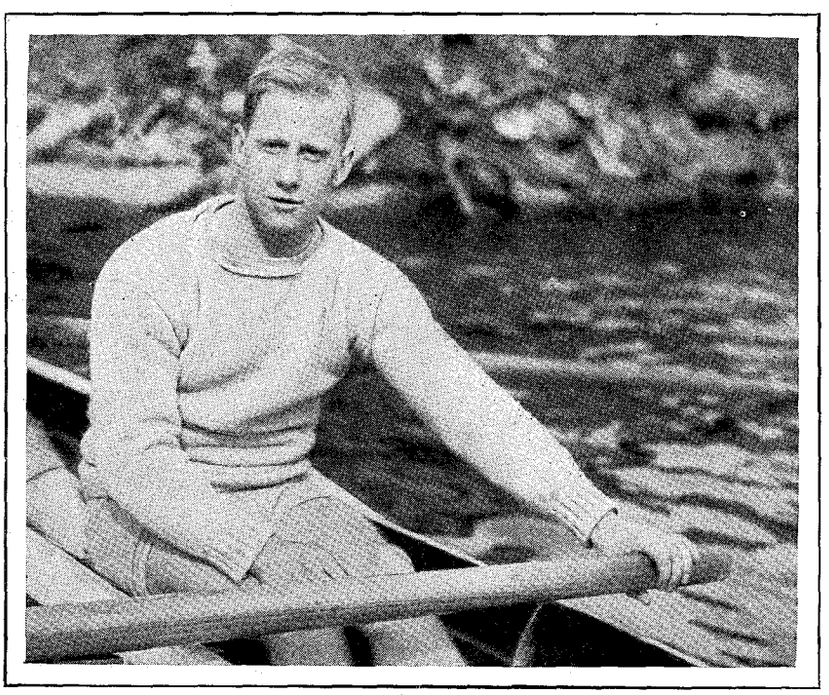
How can you explain this process? Stop-watches in the referee's launch close behind say that the gaining crew are pulling only thirty strokes to the minute, while they mark the other eight as rowing four points higher, four more tugs-of-war every minute. As the two shells come evenly abreast their differing cadences coincide for a moment and the tiring men in the losing shell realize that, stroke for stroke, they are driving onward fully as far as their rivals. But in vain exasperation they also sense that the other boat, when all sixteen oars are in the air, keeps stealing steadily by them. By contrast, that other gaining boat seems to have a motor engine in its stern, because the speed of their own ship checks each time, devotedly obsessed with mere pulling, they rush on uncontrolled slides pell-mell aft for another tug. The winning eight pulls no whit harder. They are winning with actually less physical effort by thinking, by husbanding the momentum they have imparted in each superb drive-through with their oars, as they creep astern, like one great coiling watch-spring, down the twenty inches of slide which gives them their tremendous leverage of thighs helping backs for the next heave.



(C) Keystone

"The oar is a twelve-foot shaft of ash with a copper-tipped spoon blade"

COLUMBIA 'VARSITY CREW



Underwood

"A young man of twenty or thereabouts, made of whalebone, possessing thoughts and feelings highly sensitized by health of body, mind, and spirit"

BERNARD PELLY, CAPTAIN OF THE YALE CREW, OUT FOR PRACTICE ON THE HOUSATONIC

It is a great flap of wings, and then a bird soaring. As they soar they are at ease, but, wistfully alert with patient courage, their strength spent wisely in tune, not wasted out of tune. They "are the music-makers," though not by any means "sitting by desolate streams." Each check to the other, losing shell so clearly marked by the uneven flight of its rudder-post in the wake, even if it be only a matter of six inches, multiplied by the number of strokes, means a fifth of a length in one minute. And it takes more than twenty minutes, as a rule, to row four miles.

O the little more and how much it is,
And the little less and what "lengths" away!

The long three and four miles races this month of June are contests in much more than pulling. The oar itself isn't pulled through the water, though it appears to be, and a celebrated Harvard coach once actually supposed it was when he tried to describe its arc on the boat-house floor by means of a piece of chalk fixed in a hole cut through an old blade. The handle of an oar does describe an arc inside the boat, an arc which must be compensated by the swiveling shoul-

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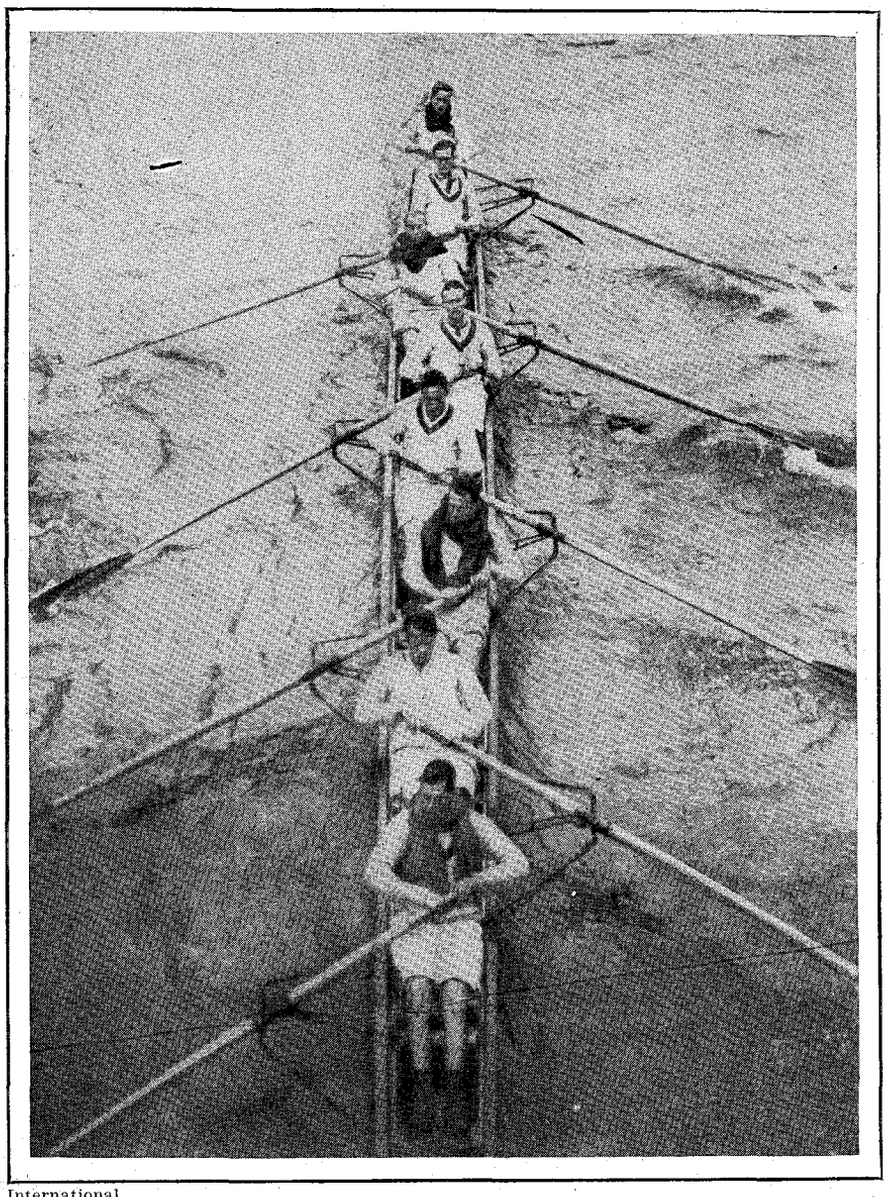

International

"Rowing with heads and hearts as well as bodies"

THE OXFORD 'VARSITY CREW ON THE RIVER THAMES

ders of the "oar" in order that his body may swing straight fore and aft over the keel. But every good "oar" knows that his blade ought to remain firmly fixed in the water during the two seconds or less that he is prying the shell past that point of application, and he proceeds accordingly. Where the reaching spoon takes hold of the water there is a brief crevasse of three or four inches, a "puddle" in shape like a human ear, and these are swirling black autographs rimmed with white foam, four on either side, left by each man on the surface of the river.

By his "puddle" ye shall know him—how much he pulls and how well. Taken together, this handwriting on the river indicates unerringly the speed of the crew. If, for example, Stroke's oar on the port side at the extreme reach, or Seven's to starboard, clears the puddle left respectively by Two or Bow after the preceding stroke by as much as six or seven feet, at an average rate of striking, then the crew is "spacing" well, and therefore going fast. Each man takes infinite pains with his autograph. To begin it right, with his eyes in the boat, he must literally feel for the water as his feathering blade hovers down to the surface, whether that surface be glassy smooth or corrugated in white-capped furrows, so as not to lose an inch of the purchase he reaches for. A splash or a slice-in at the beginning is a stroke half lost; there must be a gathering, crunching grip by the blade, with a following gurgle and no water thrown aloft, when shoulders, back, and legs proclaim their power together. In clean and out clean the oar must go, with a swish and a clear ring of the oarlock before the edge of that following puddle can catch up on the back of the blade.

Thus, ego-forgetful, and yet acutely conscious from the copper tip of his blade to the soles of his feet laced in their braces, each "oar" watches the man in front of him seeking that final and supreme thing, which is unity.

Seven knows Stroke's back more intimately than the mate of a coastwise steamer knows his chart. He could pick him out of a thousand by the particular contour of the muscles that weave across his shoulders and by the way the hair begins to grow at the nape of his neck, the spot where Seven's eyes focus in eager watchfulness. As they slide forward, reaching far out with balanced oars for the "catch," this chart of a back is smoothly undetailed. But at that instant when, by a flick of the wrists, his swooping blade turns off the feather and spoons a black hole in the water, the sweating brown back springs into live relief. And Seven, all instinct, springs precisely with it, and with them surge back all those heads and shoulders aligned behind them in a miracle of unison.

Here is watchfulness without waiting, from Stroke to Bow. If all waited, the aligned heads would go back like a row of dominoes falling. If even one man waited, the interval would be perceptible to all. Alert anticipation must merge into realization simultaneously. Only the keenest of senses and unpreoccupied attention, sharpened by health, are capable of such response. Complete objectivity is its condition precedent. In an eight perfect unison is a thing ceaselessly striven for, illusive, a thing of infinite approximations; taken for granted on race day, but rarely realized. Sometimes it comes as a gift out of the sky. One moment it is not there; the next, it has come to stay, an indwelling music. Without peradventure each man knows it. They have "arrived." Eight men in a boat they were a while ago. Now they are a crew.

One remembers when it came. There had been a time trial one evening in May over the full course—unsatisfactory. The coach scowled at his watch and said nothing to the crew, as they drifted beyond the finish flag, spent and gasping over their oars. Then starboard "held her" at the word of command from coxswain, port pulled around, and they headed back up—yes, it seemed up-hill—the same weary four miles to the boat-house.

The sun had set, the breeze died down. Lights ashore made deep reflections in the darkening water. The draught of their headway cooled tired and dripping backs as the eight swung away homeward into the gathering night. By and by they shot under a bridge with a brief sonorousness given to all sounds and the big arc lamp overhead throwing into exaggerated values of black and white the water and boat and the rhythmic lift of shoulders swinging together.

And then—something has hap-

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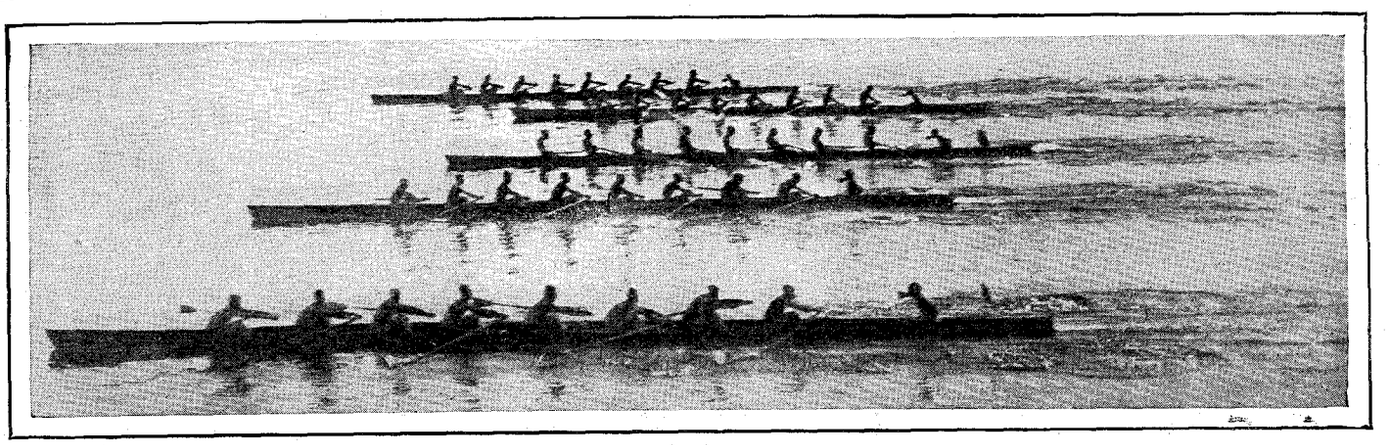

Wide World Photos

"In an eight perfect unison is a thing ceaselessly striven for . . . taken for granted on race day, but rarely realized"

FIVE CREWS OF AS MANY COLLEGES IN ONE OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE RACES OF LAKE CAYUGA, NEW YORK, THIS SEASON—AN EXCITING FINISH, WITH ALL FIVE CREWS IN NEARLY THE SAME POSITION AS AT THE START

pened! The shell is running itself. Along its sides the water is rippling like a running brook. The stammering click of the locks has become one clear note. A thrill goes through the boat, electrifying each man as he catches the magic of the "beat" and for the first time feels himself part of a great song. Gone is fatigue, and come in its place a new exultation not to be forgotten. Stroke looks at Cox with a wild and glad surmise. In the eyes of the men behind him comes an expression rapt like that of dancers who know no weariness. The coach, leaning far out over the gunwale of the pursuing launch, peers into the darkness with a slow smile changing his grim face.

"By heavens," he mutters, "they've got it!"

THE YOUNGER GENERATION SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

I—IS THE COLLEGE GIRL IRRELIGIOUS?

BY MARIANNA WEMPLE PRIEST

IS the college girl irreligious? Does college make her "lose her faith"? Mothers anxiously ask pastors, and pastors ask teachers. Gray beards wag and heads shake solemnly as the college girl is classed with those "outside the fold." Poor college girl! Few think of asking her. Yet she, perhaps, might know.

"First of all," she'd ask, "just what do you mean by irreligious? If you mean not going to church when the minister bores you; not attending missionary meetings where the tongues are sharper than the plied needles; not revering the Bible as verbally inspired; not believing God snapped his fingers and created each individual—then I can say, 'Yes. I'm irreligious.' If outward observances, the passive following of the social customs of religion, are what you are looking for, you can shake your head and drop a tear for the unfortunate girl who trains her brains. But if by irreligious you mean not thinking about the serious things of life, the whys and wherefores of existence; if you mean tearing down or ignoring real religious standards, the decision must be reversed. The college girl is not irreligious."

The college girl does think seriously and critically about her position in life, and by the time she is a senior she has probably formulated her personal religious creed. The seniors do not make the average, and even relatively few of the seniors are religiously "settled." But, though this is true, the average college girl cannot justly be called irreligious. The destruction which the word connotes does not enter into the college girl's thought. Rather than irreligious, if generalizations are to be indulged in, the average college girl should be called non-religious. Her religion is in the process of formation; she scarcely knows herself which term she deserves.

That she has not already developed her religion is not surprising. College lengthens the youth of an individual's life. In the more or less secluded academic world a girl is protected from the weight of heavy responsibility. She does not need a strong religion to carry her through crises. She seldom has great crises to meet. It is not fair to compare the college girl's religious experience with the experience of her sister who is actively engaged in the struggle for a livelihood. It is unfair, too, to compare the college girl's religion with the religion of the girl of her mother's generation. Her mother, usually, at the age of the average college freshman of to-day had finished her education and was facing the duties of adult life. The college girl has four years more of youth than her mother had, and her religion is four years more immature. Religion must be tried by use; under the stress of experience it proves its worth.

It is true that the college girl usually "loses her faith" when she first comes to college. College makes a girl stand on her own feet socially, mentally, and spiritually. The "religious feet" provided by her home environment give way under the impact of new ideas. The method of "thinking things through" provided by college training, applied to religion, shows that the "faith of the fathers" must be tested. The old childish faith collapses, but from its ruin arises a new faith, stronger because it is personally proved and squared to meet the college girl's attitude toward life. Acceptance of ideas based upon the belief of some one else does not appeal to the college girl. She questions for herself, and discusses religious problems of every shape and description. Yes, even she, the "prom-trotting college girl," questions herself and her friends until she finds some kind of a personally satisfying answer to her problems.

Her answer may not include missionary sewing meetings; but she may

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believe nevertheless in the propagation of religious ideas. It may not include going to church every Sunday; yet she may still believe in the Church as the organized force for religion. She interprets the Bible in its historical setting; yet she still gains inspiration from its teaching. She accepts evolution; but her faith in the God who began evolution is just as strong as her faith in the toymaker type of God. The college girl's religious answer may not be the one her aunts and uncles would give her; but must this divergence be called irreligion?

The college girl's religious ideas may vary, but they do exist. Perhaps she can't definitely answer the bald question, "Have you a religion?" But she is thinking about it and searching for it. Why not withhold condemnation until she concludes her search and proves herself religious or irreligious in her attitude toward life?

II—THE COLLEGE MAN AND THE CHURCH

BY A STUDENT AT HARVARD

RELIGIOUS the college man is at heart, but in his religion there is recognized very little indebtedness and very little responsibility to the Christian Church.

What is the attitude of the college student toward the Church? Dr. Francis Peabody has answered the question in unforgetable phrase, "To the college student of to-day God is near, but the Church is far away."

There are college men bitter toward the organized Church,[1] but they are few. There are others who appear to find the Church satisfying, but they too are few. There is another group of college men, larger by far than either of the two mentioned. They view the Protestant Church with a feeling of indifference. No violence is in their hearts, only disappointment. The normal college man who is indifferent to the Church is not criticising her in concrete terms. In all likelihood, he takes no pains to explain his indifference. Yet there are numerous students who have sought to analyze the faulty relations of the Church and the college, and it is for them, rather than for the average student, that I would attempt to speak. The man who has thus pondered the situation is in nine cases out of ten a church member, with a faith in his heart that the problem can be untangled and the chasm bridged.

At a recent performance of Maeterlinck's "The Blind" some one suggested that the poet had written an allegory of the present condition of the Church, the leader of the blind being the Church that has led her followers into the forest of Belief, where she has died. In some communities it may be the case of the blind leading the blind, but in the college center it would seem to be an attempt on the part of the blind to lead the wide-awake.

The college student has been thinking religiously, only to find that the Church, once his leader in these avenues of thought, is in a maze of inconsistencies. The truth is that the Church, however it may be progressing in the effort to keep abreast of the political and social movements of the day, is not advancing intellectually. The serious indictment of the Church by the college student is that she is "stale" and "boresome."

It is not that religion has failed. Religion is life; religion cannot ultimately fail. The fault lies in the mirror in which we look for the reflection.

Ours is an age in which the college has won new and increased prestige. Commercial, industrial, diplomatic, educational, and civic life are looking to the American college for leaders. Likewise to-day the Church is looking to the college for her leaders, and she is not finding them. Can she find her men of destiny among the uneducated masses? She may find her John and her Peter, but from where is her St. Paul coming? Where her Augustine? Where her à Kempis?

Is it not true that the college student does not need the Church to-day so much as the Church needs the college student? One student of the situation wrote: "The Church may level her denominational barriers, she may cry toleration from the housetops, she may map out gigantic plans for world propaganda, but the Church of to-morrow must inevitably fall unless she can attract to herself the younger generation. I say it advisedly and with no thought of snobbery, the Church must fall unless she can attract to herself the college man of to-day."

Many and bitter have been the denunciations of the Church in recent years. She has been criticised for being that for the very want of which she is likewise attacked, and her critics have been confounded by their own variance. Another pebble to the cairn, another diatribe—is it worth the pen and paper? But in the mind of the student who confronts the cleavage of youth and the Church there are definite criticisms. Are they the same his elders voice? It may be, but there is one stone the college man seldom casts; he is not prone to criticise the Church because of the fallibility of professing Christians, and for that grant him favor. What, then, are the student's criticisms of the Church?

In the eyes of the college man the Church needs to emerge from its century-old shell, to "come out into the light of things" intellectually and religiously, to cease being a dumb show which has lost its attraction for the spectator, or an entertainment which is offering more side-shows than main attractions. The college student seeks something more in the Church than the superficial pleasure that he gets at a dance or a social. These may bring him to the building, but they can never fill him with the companionship of God. Too often this companionship is forgotten in an effort to socialize the Church. It is the lack of these essentials that he recognizes and laments after he has pierced the externalities that have attracted him into the house of God.

The college man to-day can only be attracted by a man's religion, a religion with a challenge and a duty. Look at the opportunities for service offered to young men by the Church—ushering at evening service, waiting on table at a men's banquet, acting in a young people's dramatic production. This a man's religion! Who can blame any thoroughly alive American youth for believing that the Church has nothing for him? The Church has for centuries vitiated the challenge of the Master, "Go ye into all the world," by reservations which tend to substitute denominational piety for the dare of that battle charge.

Most college students will not go to the Church to be saved from their sins. The old invitation (now happily seldom heard), "Come to Jesus and have your sins washed away," is to them not only meaningless; it is ridiculous. If the Church wins the college man, it will be by offering him a man's job.

Except under the influence of mob psychology or the promptings of an intense love for singing, the college student will not join in "the hideously unchristian jargon" of much of the modern hymnology, such as "That will be glory for me" or "Will there be any stars in my crown?" He likes to think himself bigger than such selfish sentiment. There is no group of men more idealistic, more ready to join in a cause for idealism, than the average college student body, although the word "idealism" will seldom be heard. Were not your student enlistments of 1917 and 1918 proof of this? Is not the way in which the call of the East for teachers, doctors, and scientists is

[1] I speak only of the Protestant denominations.

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being answered by college men conclusive evidence?

In the second place, the college man looks in vain to the Church for leadership. In "The Nigger of the Narcissus" an old weather-beaten sailor says, "It isn't the ship—it's the men;" and in this opinion the college student concurs: the ministers are not the spiritual leaders of the men who find intellectual leadership in their college professors. The preacher stands not in his sacred office as the inspirer of men's minds and lives through the divine revelation of the Gospels, but rather as the socialized mechanism which is sensitive to the intricate life of the people of the parish. He has become so occupied with practical matters that he has no time for meditation or thought. One of the leading ministers of Boston not long ago said that he no longer had time to think.

The minister has lost his personality as a leader. A tactful compromiser he has become, trying to satisfy, on the one hand, the complacent devotees of tradition and decorum, and, on the other, the liberty lovers of the younger generation. The college student finds no appeal in this dissipated leadership.

"The greatest and most vital power to influence life is personality," wrote Lyman Abbott. "It is greater than law, institution, or example." The practical application of this principle is not hard to find: "The way to win a man for Christ is to be a man of Christ."

A young college instructor writes of one of his students: "If anything can lead a man to God, it is the witnessing of a simple, elemental faith that trusts in the divine for everything; and A—— B—— literally does that. He talked with me last night, and I actually felt closer to the things of God than I have felt since those boyhood days when Christ seemed real, very real, and near."

Besides, the college student wants the Church to be more than a pill-box of orthodoxy. "The churches, once the pioneers and champions of independent thought, have sacrificed their heritage to orthodoxy, formalism, and emotionalism." In the words of the English soldier, "And when you go to church the blessed thing they offer you is the most insipid thing imaginable." It is the tragic cry of a soul who has asked the Church for bread and has received a stone.

"The Church has rendered sterile the personality and teachings of the Nazarene Carpenter. She has blindly passed by the Sermon on the Mount, and, lighting on some word or phrase glorified by theological controversy, she has exalted it into a creed and declared it in the name of religion." These are the words of a student who wrote in answer to the question, What does the Church mean to you? Bitter they are, and delivered with the sententious finality of most college dicta. And yet, exaggerated as they may seem to many, they were written with unquestionable sincerity, and to their purport many serious-minded college men must agree.

The college student refuses to recognize a static order. Science has been unfolded to him as the study of change. In philosophy he has traced the development of man's thought. Therefore, when the Church proclaims her "Thus saith the Lord," he is forced to disbelieve, while in his heart he clings to the spirit of the Master who said, "Other things have I to tell you," "The Spirit will lead you into all truth," "Greater works shall ye do." And the Church, fearful of the chaos of evolution, proclaims its message of a changeless world.

In short, the college student is asking the Church to throw off the sham of conventionalities. He wants simplicity, common sense, and spirituality. He wants to look to his minister for leadership with the same fidelity with which he looks to his professors. He demands the right to think for himself. To the Church which bids him yield to the final authority of a book or an institution he turns a deaf ear. The one authority which he will recognize is the undying fire within him, the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and this authority he is in duty bound to follow, though it lead him into clash with the churches, and into apparent contradictions to the Holy Writ. Again, the college man does not regard God with the skeptical attitude of which he is accused by the preacher who prayed in Harvard chapel, "Paradoxical as it may seem, O God, thou knowest."

In the words of Dr. Peabody, "To the college student of to-day God is near, but the Church is far away"—and the solution?

There is a very old story in the Hebraic literature which relates that Moses desired Hobab, "the son of Raguel the Midianite," to go with him and the people into the promised land, and his invitation was, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." Hobab's answer was immediate and clear, "I will not go." Moses was not rebuked, and a second time he urged him, but note the change in the invitation, "Leave us not, . . . and thou mayest be to us instead of eyes." Hobab accepted. The college man will withstand every advance on the part of the Church to do him good, but he will listen when he learns that through the medium of the Church he can serve the mankind he loves.

It is not with any feeling of elation or of perfect assurance that one essays the task of interpreting the attitude of the college man to the Christian Church. As many as the autumnal leaves of Vallombrosa are the conflicting thoughts of any student body on questions of religion and the Church. Contradictions are everywhere apparent; extremes of statement greet one on every hand; yet through it all one thing is assured: the student is thinking religiously, thinking more honestly and more sanely than he has thought for many years, and because of his thinking there is taking place to-day a revival of religion, a renaissance of faith—developments to which the Church cannot afford to be heedless. It is not the religion defined by creed, nor the faith in all its details on which our forefathers took their stand, but it is a religion, and it is a faith; and the significant truth is that, though blinded, faltering, recognizing his weakness and cursing his own impotence, the college student is pressing forward, trying to live his faith—his positive, practical, rational faith summed up in the words of the prophet, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

NOT ALL BATTLES ARE FOUGHT WITH GUNS

Newton Fuessle was sent by The Outlook to act as a war correspondent in one of the most dramatic and one of the least known of the battles which our Government is continually waging. His report of Uncle Sam's fight to keep infected plants from America and to stamp out plant epidemics is a striking record of events the importance of which can hardly be overestimated. His war correspondence from this little-known battle-ground is called "Plagues That Imperil Our Trees and Plants." It will appear in a forthcoming issue of The Outlook.

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THE OVERLORD OF FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS

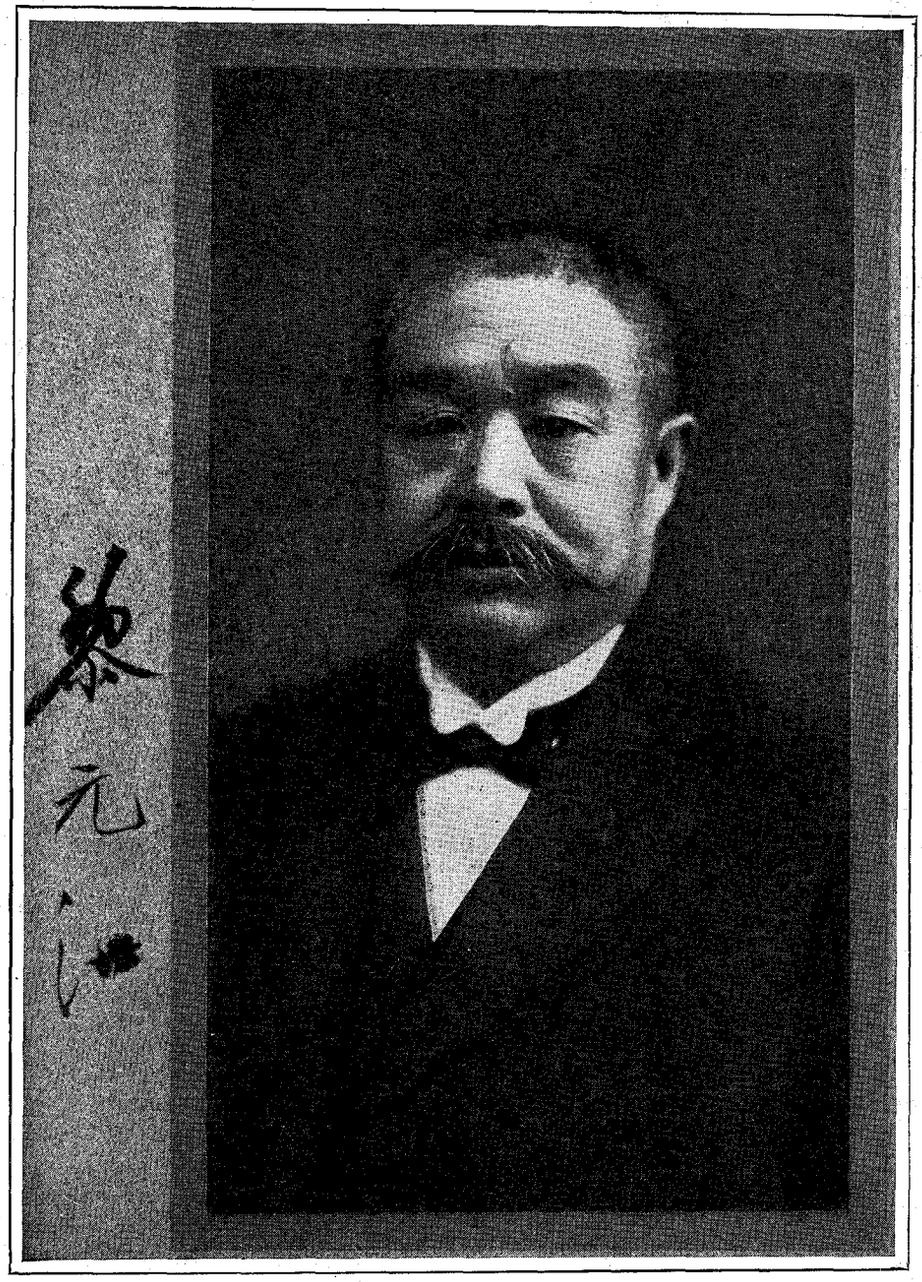
BY GRACE THOMPSON SETON

PRESIDENT LI YUAN-HUNG of China looks to the Republic of America to help her sister in the great enterprise of democracy. This big sister has about a tenth of a square mile for each one of her tremendous population, now estimated at 438,000,000. Her area could swallow up the whole of the United States, including Alaska, the Philippines, all of our dependencies, not forgetting little Guam and Samoa, and with what is left could match area for area Germany, Belgium, France, and Spain, and still have a fragment as big as North Carolina.

When the President of the Chinese Republic received me in Peking last Thanksgiving Day, I came away from the interview with several very definite impressions, which I am about to relate, and with the promise of a photograph and a "Message to the American People." The President had smiled when asked for this, and said that he wished to take time to prepare such a message. It arrived soon after with a note from the confidential secretary, Mr. J. H. Ju, stating that his instructions had been to send the translation of his Excellency the President's message, and he hoped it would serve my purpose. It appears on the next page.

From the brilliant scenes and outworn traditions of the Imperial wedding, wonderful, impressive, surviving in an age which has outgrown them, to the simple-mannered, black-coated man representing as President the hope of republican China, I was flung from one set of impressions to another. The day the President appointed for an audience I had to dash away from walled-in palaces, where old China still stores its treasures, its art, its manufacture, and its women, where the first ceremonies of the wedding of the "Boy Emperor" were being celebrated with all the barbaric splendor of the ancient Mandarin Court. The day, a week later, when Madame Li Yuan-hung designated an hour when she would be at home to me I was projected from the humble abode of the famous actress, Chin Shieh-fang, a fascinating, clever little person of seventeen, who is received by nobody, to the magnificent private palace of the "First Lady of the Land," middle-aged, conventional, of the old order, who receives hardly anybody.

By rare good fortune, news had come to me that I was offered the great honor—the first time such had ever been accorded to a foreigner—of witnessing on Thanksgiving morning the Seal Ceremony, which was the first and most important of the series



LI YUAN-HUNG, PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

which consummated the marriage of ex-Emperor Hsuan Tung to the daughter of Prince Rung and the stepgranddaughter of Princess Yu Lang, in whose house the ceremony was to take place. The hour set for this great occasion was ten o'clock in the morning, and I was bidden at nine in order to view the wedding presents before they started from the house of the bride to that of her future lord in the Forbidden Palace at the north of the Forbidden City. The peak of my ambition in Peking was to witness this Imperial wedding, which was being celebrated with much pomp and ceremony in the very heart of the Chinese Republic. My experience with the Orient was running true to form, however. Although things ultimately adjusted themselves to one's will, nothing "comes easy," and behold! in the next hour another chit boy (coolie messenger) had brought me the news that the President of China would receive me at ten o'clock on Thanksgiving morning. "How happy could I have been were t'other dear charmer away!" The refrain of this old song echoed my sentiments exactly. After four thousand miles of travel to have my two stars synchronize was a whimsy of fate. However, the ancient dame who had charge of the thread that morning, probably Clotho, juggled not so badly, and I had time to leave the Manchu Palace, mandarins, eunuchs, soldiers, princesses, court ladies, slaves, *et al.*, pay my respects to the gentleman who is struggling to keep the bubble of a political Republic from collapsing

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around him, and return an hour later to witness the Ceremony of the Seal, brilliant, spectacular, curious, like an "Arabian Nights'" tale.

As the President of China is housed in a former Imperial abode—the Winter Palace of the "Old Buddha," the Dowager Empress—his background is far from modest. To my consternation, I found my hurried progress towards the ten o'clock appointment blocked by the crowds that had assembled to watch the "procession of the bride's wedding presents." Peking was *en fête.* Brilliant red and yellow standards bearing Manchu flags decorated the entire length of the way between the two palaces—several miles—and the sacred yellow sand on which only Imperial foot is supposed to travel stretched like a broad ribbon in the middle of the street, from the heart of the bride to the heart of the bridegroom, the Imperial couple being still separated for another twelve hours by the stern decree of Court etiquette. But the brilliant red, gold, and green gateway of the President's palace, the Hsin Hua Men, was attained at last; and the large marble Chinese lions, Mrs. Lion crushing a cub beneath her paw and Mr. Lion holding the sphere of the universe, seemed to grin a smile of welcome. The Chinese flags waved gently in the frosty breeze, the soldiers saluted, and after an elaborate exchange of formal courtesies way was made for my motor car to drive up the marble incline and through the sacred portals of the Winter Palace. Once inside, a beautiful vista of lakes and Oriental shrubbery and many palaces, flaming scarlet and gold, jutted out into the water.

Skirting the lake for nearly a mile, I drew up before another brilliant gateway, where some soldiers were guarding the man who now holds the seal of office of the great Republic of China, President Li Yuan-hung. Here I found awaiting me a polite official who acted as guide through a labyrinth of rooms and outer courts and more rooms and more open courts, a maze of ins and outs, finally to a beautiful pool encircled by what was in the old days of Manchu glory the women's quarters, and whose open galleries were still brilliant with the gold, blue, and green of the Chinese decorations. Several more minutes elapsed traversing these now silent places which formerly no alien could have seen and kept his head on his shoulders, when my guide suddenly stopped before a carved and painted doorway screened by Nottingham lace curtains—a bizarre contrast—which admitted me to a very large hall and a reception-room furnished in somewhat modern style.

Here Mr. Ju received me, and again I was ushered through more open courts of increasing magnificence into a large foreign-style palace occupied by the President of China. After leaving outer wraps and traversing several more corridors and rooms, I passed into a spacious apartment with little in it but pieces of embroidery on the walls and a few formally placed Chinese tables and chairs.

In the center of this room on a Chinese rug stood a large figure of military bearing in black frock coat and highly varnished boots. Shaking hands, which is un-Chinese, General Li Yuan-hung, the President of the Chinese Republic, greeted me genially. Quite informally he sat upon a sofa and waited for me to speak. Tea was brought in. The usual courtesy being gone through, I told his Excellency that I saw by the papers that he was one of the ten most popular men in China. He acknowledged the compliment with a slight shrug. His Cabinet had but two days before resigned almost *en masse* as a result of a combination of scheming ambitious men seeking for place and power, and as a beginning had cut off the official head of Lo Wen-kan, Minister of Finance.

"China has a long way to go," said the President. "It has only just started to work its destiny as a Republic. It is very much in the condition that your country, the United States, was in two hundred years ago." There was food for thought in this.

The state of affairs in China known as its "politics" is in so indefinite a condition that no one ventures to offer prophecy, but I gathered that the President felt, to paraphrase an old saying, Cabinets might come and Cabinets might go, but the Republic would go on forever. When asked if any one in China wished to return to the old monarchical rule, he thought a moment and slowly shook his head. He voiced the sentiment of every one with whom I have conversed in the various parts of China. No matter how much they may inveigh against the Government, corrupt practices, the bandits, and all the other insubordinate elements of their big country, they all seemed to wish to continue the republican form of government—all save the little group of hereditary Manchu princes who now form the Court still maintained with much ceremony around their young "Emperor," whose domain is confined to that example of ancient glories, the Forbidden City.

To all this outgrown magnificence the Chief Executive of the Democracy of China, with his simple and direct manners and lack of ceremony, forms a sharp contrast. He rises at 5:30 in the morning, has breakfast at seven, luncheon at twelve, dinner at six, and retires at about nine or 9:30. In commenting on these habits he said that he was born in the province of Hupeh on October 19, 1864, had lived his boyhood in the country, was raised a military man, and liked the early morning hours. His favorite recreations are walking, skating, riding, and tennis. He delights very much, on his vacations especially, to play tennis. He also likes the theater when the play is one of the old classics, but thinks it a waste of time to listen to the modern stuff which points no moral and adorns no tale.

When asked what he thought was the most interesting development in China, he replied that the social change which was going on all over the country was bound to make a great difference in the course of time. This change, he said, was both economic and industrial, and if the Government could only get the men of understanding and knowledge China would work out of her difficulties.

This naturally led to the question as to what his opinion was concerning women of China getting the vote, whereupon he launched out on an explanation of his pet panacea for all ills—the necessity of universal educa-

PRESIDENT LI'S MESSAGE TO AMERICA

Presidential Mansion
Department of Ceremonies

Although the distance between the United States of America and China is great, the relations between the two nations have always been cordial. Moreover, the form of government of this country is a Republic which is the same as that of the United States, thus bringing the Occident and Orient still closer.

President Harding called a Conference at Washington last year and rendered much assistance to the affairs relating to China. That China occupies the position she does to-day is due to the friendly attitude of the various Powers, but the Washington Conference actually started the movement.

China has a vast territory with a great variety of natural resources. It is earnestly expected that our own citizens will make it their business and exert their full energy to develop them, so that the United States of America and China will be two great Sister Republics on the Pacific Coasts.

I am of opinion that education and industry are essential for a nation to become prosperous. Without extensive education the people would not have the requisite knowledge and without developed industries the nation would not have sufficient wealth. While all our people should do their utmost in these fundamental lines of administration so as to perform their part in maintaining the world's permanent peace, I shall look forward to the Americans, who have already had enough experience, to advise us in this great work.

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MADAME LI YUAN-HUNG, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF CHINA
The first time a photograph of Madame Li Yuan-hung has been authorized to be published

tion. Especially must the women be educated before they could take a hand in governing the country.

The President was asked if he approved of the women of the United States having the vote. "It is a matter of education," he reiterated. "If a people are ready for the vote, they should have it."

The President bade me good-by, saying that a meeting with Madame Li could be arranged through the mistress of ceremonies. A twinkle came into his eyes as he signed a photograph and again shook hands.

"You are the first foreign woman to whom I have given such an interview. Women are very clever in your country." He clicked his heels together in military salute. I left him there in the midst of his palatial surroundings, a rather lonely figurehead of a Government that has not yet found itself, a sincere and kindly man, unable to cope with the swarm of self-seekers and scheming politicians who manipulate as best they can, to the confusion of the modern foreign-trained group, the great unwieldy provinces, whose several million souls have not yet developed a national democratic consciousness.

A few days later came an invitation to a Presidential reception in aid of the Famine Fund of the Chekiang Province, one of those devastating horrors that so frequently sweep over China, Dame Nature's check on the stupendous growth of population. The subscription list was opened with a contribution of $12,000 by the President and a speech in which he said: "Last year twelve of the provinces were suffering and the Government exerted its utmost strength to aid the distressed. Hardly had this work been completed, when in July, August, and September of this year great floods overwhelmed the province of Chekiang. Of the 72 districts in Chekiang Province over 60 were afflicted. The rain fell incessantly and the rivers overflowed, covering the plains with water from 20 to 25 feet deep. Men and women as well as animals were washed away. Lands and houses were filled with water. It was impossible to estimate the loss. Natural calamities are unavoidable. Philanthropy alone can relieve the sufferers."

Yes, a kindly man! His wife said of him: "My husband is very busy. He is too busy. He is giving his time and money to this country. His only thought and wish is to help this country."

The meeting with Madame Li was arranged after considerable preliminaries at the Presidential Mansion by the mistress of ceremonies, Madame Dan Paotchao, wife of General Dan, of the Republican army. A volume could be written about this little lady, the Princess Roung Ling of the old Imperial days, who is the link between Madame Li and the foreign diplomatic world of Peking. She combines the Western graces with the Oriental charm, a strange, subtle fascination—a lure that stirs the imagination. This flower of Chinese culture, in spite of her Manchu background, is, she says, the daughter of an American woman, a Miss Louise Pearson, of Boston, who married Lord Yu Keng, for many years Minister of Foreign Affairs in Peking. He was Ambassador to France, residing in Paris, at the time of the Boxer outbreak in 1900, when "Nelly," as Madame Dan is known to her intimates, was a little girl of fourteen, and she consequently received a cosmopolitan education. But all this does not entirely account for the strong drawing power of her magnetic personality. The "secret" lies in her pervading womanliness, in the warmth and richness of a sympathetic heart that for all her preoccupation with the intricacies of ceremonial etiquette is instantly and actively responsive to the least demand and makes of her ready support of charitable enterprises an interest that amounts almost to a hobby.

When I called at the appointed time at the home of Roung-ling Dan, to accompany her to the Presidential Palace, off Morisson Street, where Madame Li Yuan-hung was waiting to receive me, I was ushered into a room where Chinese pictures, embroideries, and tapestries were conspicuously absent. A stately figure, taller than the average Chinese woman, the straight lines of her Manchu robes of white satin enhancing the effect as she advanced to greet me in her peculiar sinuous, noiseless manner, her Manchu feet also white satin-clad, she seemed like a fair, slender, and purple lily come to life, with a hint of gentle sadness about her.

Magnificent with red lacquer and paintings and guarded by soldiers at each entrance were the three courts we traversed. The President's "number one boy," a middle-aged man of substantial girth, conducted us. Madame Dan explained that he is very rich, but prefers to remain in his present interesting and dignified and lucrative position. Eventually the final door was reached and opened, and we found ourselves in a large bare room at one end of which was a tea-table set very simply with a foreign service. Beside

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it was Madame Li, waiting. She did not rise, but shook hands placidly. One of the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps told me that five years ago when her husband first became President and Madame Li was dragged from the seclusion so beloved of Chinese women she was terrified at the ordeal of having to meet a half-dozen foreign women and to have to shake hands with them. It took the gentle pressure of the right elbow of the tactful mistress of ceremonies to enable the modest little woman thus suddenly thrust into the white light of power to extend her hand in the approved Western salutation.

The wife of the President of China is a shrewd, simple-mannered little woman who carries considerable bulk upon her "lily" feet. These were clad in white cotton stockings and black velvet heelless slippers, and looked not more than five inches long. A gray satin-brocade coat and black brocade skirt completed her costume, with the exception of jewels. Two very large pearls adorned her ears, which were fully exposed, as the black hair was dragged back from the face to the nape of the neck and twisted into a hard knot, with several pearl ornaments fastened into it, formally. On three fingers she wore three enormous stones—a diamond, a ruby, and an emerald—each weighing many carats.

Madame Li is a plain little body of the old school. She occupies herself with housekeeping and child-rearing and looking after her husband in the approved domestic fashion. She often gives her lord advice, and always looks after his clothes and food. This she does vicariously through a string of servants—no high-born in China does any real manual labor. The favorite family home is in Tientsin, where Madame Li spends the major portion of her time. However, when anything goes wrong she is sent for post-haste, and her presence in Peking when I had the opportunity of meeting her was due to the fact that her grandson had a fever.

"His grandfather is too busy to attend to him, so I came," was the simple statement. This is a country where ancestors count. Living or dead, the aged one is paid much respect.

"What do you do with your ancestors?" was Madame Li's query after she had stated that she went back often to visit the graves of her forebears. She was much interested in my description of our funeral customs and also in our social manners, all of which was apparently new ground to her. Madame Li is a representative of the old order, therefore not especially interested or informed concerning the outside world. She speaks no English, reads and writes rarely,

CHIN HSIEH-FENG, THE FOREMOST ACTRESS OF CHINA

although she had the usual home training in the classics that was given to daughters of well-born families of her generation. She has four children, all of whom speak English. The eldest of the girls is to be sent to America next year to complete her education.

Madame Li gets up early, like her husband, often at five or six, never later than seven, for the children have to be got off to school by 7:30 to be in their places at eight. The first lady of China does not care for the theater, occasionally looks in on a movie, does not permit card-playing nor *mah-jongging*, does not ride or dance or skate, or even walk much. None of these pastimes, which are now becoming popular with the younger generation, can be accomplished successfully by those who have bound feet.

MADAME ROUNG-LING DAN, A MANCHU PRINCESS AND THE MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

When asked her opinion of the place the women of China should occupy in the nation, Madame Li developed more liberality than might have been expected from her background. Her remark was significant, as it shows how the new ideas of education and freedom have taken hold of China, even of the Old Guard.

"There are several different kinds of women now in China," said Madame Li; "the old school like myself, the returned students, who are making their influence felt in very many ways, and the younger generation. It is hard to say how far they will go."

"Do you approve of the suffragist who wants equal opportunity with the men, even the right to vote?"

"They must be very clever to be able to use that. If not, they will make a bad mess of things."

Then she added rather bitterly: "Many of them are not clever. They do not know about things. They just love to make a noise."

As for herself it was quite evident that she belonged to the group of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" women, upon whom the leaven of modern education and republican ideas is working, certainly with some result. Is not the eldest daughter going to America to finish her education? Also did she not go through the ordeal of presenting a silver cup, half as big as herself, at the race-track last November, even making a little speech on behalf of her husband, who had presented the cup?

Now came the great social error. Throughout the conversation Madame Dan had interpreted with great tact and courtesy, several times softening a question that she knew would fall upon the ears of Old China with startling effect. In spite of her, the terrible deed was perpetrated by means of my request for Madame Li's autograph. I produced a scroll upon which were the signatures of many interesting and prominent persons then in Peking, having found this a most convenient way to learn and to memorize the strange and difficult Chinese cognomens.

Madame Li looked blank—I began to suspect that writing was not one of her most fluent accomplishments. Madame Dan suggested, "If you will leave the scroll, it will be signed later and sent to you." This I did with blithe unconsciousness that the last signature upon the scroll had been that of the fascinating little Chin Shieh-feng, whom I had seen earlier that afternoon. She had been quite one of the most interesting of my Chinese experiences—a gifted young

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woman who at the age of seventeen was playing the lead in her own company, composed entirely of women, and drawing crowded houses nightly. I had been glad to have her signature.

In the crass ignorance of a foreigner as to just how acutely Chinese ladies felt towards, or shall I say against, actresses, I did not realize how Mid-Victorian Madame Li's attitude might be toward the famous person of whose grace and skill her husband had expressed such lively admiration, even to the extent of entertaining her at functions in the Li home at Tientsin. Needless to say, I should have known that these functions were not attended by Madame Li, which is all perfectly proper, according to the Chinese customs. Much of the larger social life of the man is lived apart from the feminine side of his family.

The scroll was returned within the hour *unsigned*, together with a large chunk of silence. My belated social instinct told me what had happened. All the names of princesses, premiers, potentates, and peers could not remove the terrible blot of that actress signature. I had encountered the autocrat in the home. Like the domain of the "Boy Emperor," it is circumscribed, but within its jurisdiction the official "Number One" wife is supreme. She is the arbiter of the little kingdom of the household, bowing only to the will of her husband master.

Such is Madame Li Yuan-hung, a good mother, a good housekeeper, and a good wife, as fixed in her orbit as a star in its course.

A GREEK TRANSLATION

BY ESTHER JOHNSTON

AS I crossed the room to join the queue of men and women waiting in the Paris Red Cross Headquarters for belated mail one of the faces became recognizable. I had not seen J. Harvey Ellison for fifteen years. A moment ago I could not have captured his likeness from other blurs of the past. But the moment I saw the tall, loose-jointed frame surmounted by the small head I knew him. There were the blue eyes, a little vague until the proper spring of enthusiasm was touched, the wide mouth and lantern jaw, the straw-colored hair, darkening instead of graying with years.

J. Harvey Ellison must have been about fifty then. He looked no older than he had looked at thirty-five. He had probably never seemed young, so that age barely flicked him. Over the collar of his uniform the Adam's apple so unkindly remarked by the school still hovered uneasily. He was not smart in khaki, but it was at least more becoming than the casual clothes he used to wear. As he saw me he stared his surprise, dropped out of line, and held out a big hand.

"Well, well! this is luck! I'd know you any place. But think of finding you in Paris! I've just come from Greece. Two years with the Greek army. You're the first American woman—practically the first American—I've seen."

Greece? Now I remembered that vague association. In the high school at New Chili, Indiana, he had taught us ancient history, and revealed to us the shy passion of his heart. He took us conscientiously through Egypt, Assyria, Judea, and Babylonia. When we came to Greece, his pale eyes shone, he almost dropped his nasal twang and became soft and reverential of voice. We even caught a little of the gleam that animated him. He cast a glory around Greece that made it quite an unearthly place. Yet it was a country real and abiding, too. Yes, to this day Greece comes to my mind cloaked in the magic habiliments put around her by J. Harvey Ellison. A mellow haze of late afternoon or the mist of twilight seems to evoke those dim white columns above the Ægean.

In New Chili it was not the high school alone that knew of his enthusiasm. He talked about Greece to the Tourist Club and to those forerunners of Rotarians. He was so little sensitive on this one subject that he failed to notice wandering eyes and flagging interest. About a year before he came to New Chili J. Harvey Ellison had spent a few weeks in Greece, making the trips on a cattle ship, and remembering, apparently, only the glorious interim between voyages, shedding the filth and stench and hard work of the passage as if they had never been. And he came back knowing modern Greek.

With old Judge MacIntyre he read his Homer. With George Adrianapoulis, the bootblack, he was almost deferential as they exchanged Greek phrases. His shoes had been dusty and disregarded until George Adrianapoulis came to town. After that they were kept immaculate, and during the process of their shining he and George talked their odd, unintelligible language.

Then adventure went out of his life. J. Harvey Ellison had inevitably married a woman considerably older than himself. A contemporary would not have tolerated his absent ways, his impersonality and lack of comely qualities, his odd enthusiasms. No "maid of Athens" grew in New Chili, nor would he have been a Byron for her. Only an older woman would have liked waiting on him, brushing his clothes, scolding him, treating him like the business incompetent that he was. Ellison must have married almost without realizing it, and he accepted matrimony as casually as he accepted all the outward and visible facts of life. There were no more voyages to Greece. Instead there were vacations spent at summer schools and an appointment to be principal of the high school in another Indiana town.

But his own voice recalled me from New Chili to Paris.

"I'll be here just two days," Ellison was explaining. "Came for orders and supplies, and sail back to Greece on Thursday."

For dinner we met at as commonplace a little restaurant as could be found in Paris. J. Harvey Ellison opened whole flood-gates of conversation. He had been with the Greek soldiers for two years; they were marvelous—quite like Homer's heroes. The world would know some day and would stop the flood of abuse that streamed towards Greece. It had shocked him to find out about all these false reports spread in Paris. As for himself, he had done everything that turned up—nursed in hospitals, managed a railway canteen, worked at Saloniki. No one could tell what was ahead. His eyes flashed as he told me that—no one could tell what was ahead. He had one trophy to show me. Venizelos had pinned the decoration on him at the King's command. Venizelos, a very great man, was in Paris now for the Peace Conference. Even he, Ellison, had been asked to appear before a sub-committee.

He recalled with some difficulty events that led up to his Greek adventure. It all seemed—he looked surprised as he admitted it—another life. Yes, New Chili and Zionsville, and the summer schools, and the talks with George Adrianapoulis, the bootblack. His wife, he reminded me, and himself too, it seemed, had died just before the war. He had applied to the Red Cross when they began to send men. They took him because he could speak Greek. Curious, the passion engendered in some little Indiana town where malaria germs and sycamores were the only elements in common with Greece. A world upheaval had projected him where his fancy had always placed him. It was all remote, and I, who had not been in New Chili

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for ten years, brought it all back to him.

He had one commission. Perhaps I would help him, as he was not very good at shopping. He wanted to get some white slippers for a Greek widow of his acquaintance who was living in Saloniki, where white shoes were not obtainable. I looked at him curiously. But why warn him of a danger of which he was quite unaware? And perhaps a Greek widow, along opulent lines—I remembered the angular build of his wife.

In high spirits, J. Harvey Ellison suggested the theater. He had even been daring enough to get tickets before dinner. A friend who knew his way about Paris had advised him. He never discovered the treachery of the friend. Indeed, he sat smilingly through a thoroughly disreputable performance without knowing that it was at all *outré*. He looked blandly at the demi-mondaine buzzing about the little tables during the *entr'acte*, and wondered what so many solitary women did there. As we walked through the Tuileries Gardens to my little hotel he was quite regardless of the misty Seine, the dreamlike bridges, the exquisite starry night. He had no feeling for France, no curiosity even. There was one of his blind spots. But he confessed to me, with a little of the old diffidence, that he was at ease with life as he had never thought to be.

"I don't know what's ahead of me—I don't even care very much. These last two years have been worth all the rest."

The next day I helped him get the slippers—a large size—and saw him no more. He sailed from Marseilles. I have no doubt that the Greek widow married him soon after. She need have had no serpentine qualities. He would have yielded anything in gratitude for his two years.

He was one of the few Americans killed not long ago at Smyrna. The journalistic accounts were brief: "Ellison, J. Harvey. American. New Chili, Indiana. Shot by mistake by the Turks. Profuse apologies were made and the body was shipped to Greece for burial."

Soon after the papers announced his death I had occasion to revisit New Chili for the first time in ten years. The little town was booming, and automobiles from all over the country shot around corners and made it as unsafe as cities twice the size. No one remembered J. Harvey Ellison well. Judge MacIntyre was dead. George Adrian (*né* Adrianapoulis) had in place of his dingy stall a modern five-chair shoe-shining parlor, unaccountably named The Château Thierry. There he oversaw the work of three Greeks of a later emigration. I asked him if he had heard of the death in Smyrna of J. Harvey Ellison. At first he was puzzled.

"Queer bird like a professor, wasn't he?" George was completely Americanized, and had recently joined the Kiwanis. "Sure, I remember him now—always shooting off Greek when I wanted to learn American. Had an idea the Greeks was the original and only guys. Used to get my goat, he did, crazy to get to Greece the way all the Greek birds were crazy to leave for America. Yes, he got his wish all right. I guess the professor and I changed places for good. I won out, didn't I? A swell five-chair shine parlor for mine! And say, what's in it for him, anyway? Might 'a' had a safe berth right here in New Chili teaching Greek history to my kids, huh?"

FROM CONGRESS TO CABINET

EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS OF PUBLIC LIFE IN WASHINGTON

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

CHAPTER II. CONGRESS—THE LOWER LEVEL

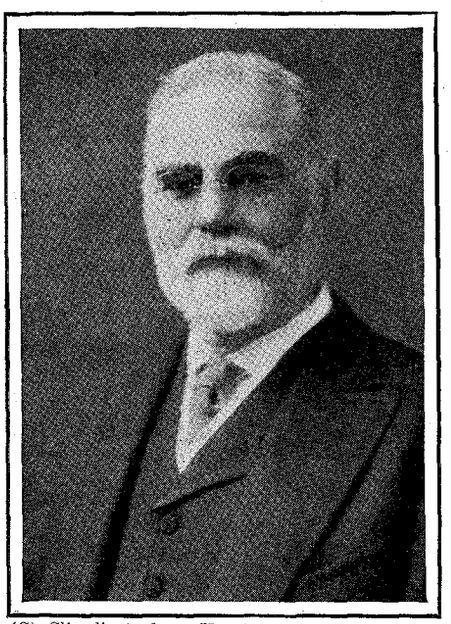
AT an early session of the House of Representatives the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs stood near my desk talking earnestly with some friends. As we stood there, a slight figure came down the aisle.

"Here, boy," called the Chairman, "get me a couple of cigars."

"Certainly," was the reply.

The messenger went and came. Handing the cigars to the Chairman, he said: "Next time call me Mr. Murray." (Laughter and apologies.) The "messenger" turned out to be Representative Murray, of Massachusetts.

There is an atmosphere of genial good fellowship in the House of Representatives. Its members do not strain after dignity; indeed, the conduct of the House itself is not dignified except on ceremonial occasions. Nowhere does a man find his level more surely. As a newcomer he is welcomed and his measure is quickly taken, perhaps in a few days. The process is silent, sometimes severe. The House is tolerant of individuality,



(C) Clinedinst, from Keystone

"Most men in the House, as in the Senate, do their work in the spirit of service. The late James R. Mann was an untiring worker and a careful legislator"

even of eccentricity, but its quiet judgment of character and ability is merciless. It values the man who knows; it respects sincerity. But the insincere and shallow man comes to grief. Thunder as he may on floor or in the "Record," his influence in the House itself is small. Nor are political differences carried into personal relations. One day a sharp debate occurred between two leading members. Each controverted the statements of the other. The contest was warm, producing as much heat as light. It ceased, and the House resumed its work. A few minutes later one combatant approached the other, and said: "John, come to lunch." The war was over.

Most of the House business is not partisan. The number of so-called "party measures" is small. Men of both parties, therefore, frequently confer and act harmoniously. Even in controversy there is much fairness. Secretary Weeks, when in the House, arose one day saying he wished to reply to the gentleman from New York (myself), and before doing so he de-

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sired to be sure that he did not misinterpret.

"Would the gentleman," said he, "kindly listen while I state his views and say if I do so correctly." He gave the substance of my views as he recalled them, and paused. I thanked him for his exceptional courtesy and said he had stated my position correctly. He then proceeded with his speech.

Most men in the House, as in the Senate, do their work in the spirit of service. The late James R. Mann was an untiring worker and a careful legislator. The Lighthouse Service owes to him much of its present effective form. Mr. Dudley M. Hughes, of Georgia, was a faithful friend of Federal aid for vocational education. That cause, it should be added, is deeply indebted to his earnest and successful efforts.

The weakness of the House as a working part of the Government is insufficient knowledge of economics and of the Government itself. This at times is combined with low political ideals and debased standards of public service. Public affairs are often considered from a purely local standpoint. A measure was pending providing for the construction of battleships. The question was how many there should be. One of my staff met a Representative from the Central West, and this conversation passed:

"How do you stand on the battleship question, Congressman?"

"I'm against it."

"Why?"

"It's all right for your Congressman; he's got a navy yard in his district [this was incorrect]. It means jobs for his constituents."

"But, Congressman, what if we should be at war and need a navy?"

The Congressman laughingly replied: "We're so far from the coast, they'll never reach us."

One member thought to serve his constituents by sending them every Government publication he could get. It did not always work. He received a letter reading: "Quit sending me those blame 'Congressional Records.' I've dumped a cart-load in the creek, and if you send me any more I'll dam the blame thing up."

USING CONGRESS AS A STEPPING-STONE

Some men in the House of Representatives are placed by political accidents amid affairs too vast for their comprehension. The salary paid them is larger than they could earn in private life and is at times their reason for going to Congress. Thus said a one-term member before members' secretaries were paid directly by the House: "I'm living on my allowance for clerk hire, my wife doing the work. The $15,000 I get for two years will set me up in a little banking business when my term expires."

One of my assistants said that in a hearing before the appropriations sub-committee a member asked: "What do we do this foreign trade for? Why don't we just trade here at home among ourselves?" There is no reason to doubt the story.

One day in my presence the chairman of a sub-committee asked: "When will the work of the Coast and Geodetic Survey be done?" and was told in substance that it would end when the winds ceased to blow and the tides to flow.

It was customary to place upon the Secretary's desk each morning the "Congressional Record" for the previous day, with items marked which related to the Department. In this way my attention was called to an address criticising the Bureau of Lighthouses. I read it with astonishment, for the honorable member had soared into realms of fancy. Indeed, a second reading showed that there were few, if any, correct statements in the speech. It had led to some debate, in which the time had been wasted, for from first to last little had been said which remotely related to fact. The author of the address was a gentleman with whom my relations were friendly. I asked him where he got his alleged facts. His answer was, "From M——." Then all was clear. M—— was a subordinate in a district headquarters who had aspired to take the seat of his superior. His efforts were so mingled with errors that after an investigation, which brought the admission of serious faults, he left the service. From such a source the Congressman received the misinformation which, without inquiry, he placed before Congress.

The incident has importance only as showing how easy it was (and is) to waste the time of the National Legislature. No one present knew the truth. Nothing prevented imposing the statements of a mendacious employee upon Congress. Nor was there (nor is there) any effective means of reply. When the facts were made clear to him, the speaker said in all simplicity that if he had known them he would not have made the speech. No correction was made.

How easy it is to criticise what no one present understands! How much more so when one cannot be called to account for what he says on the floor! How it would limit Congressional eloquence if men were present who knew the facts! Suspicion and imagination play leading parts in the Congressional drama. The Capitol is not a source of accurate knowledge of the workings of the executive branch of the Government.

GAPS OF IGNORANCE

The Chairman of the Appropriations Committee was talking one day of a function he wished to end. The facts he cited related to something else. He did not know. The House, which heard and followed him, did not know. A fruitful service was cut off through a sheer mistake. Such instances are not rare. Congress, through no fault of purpose, often "spins on blindly" without accurate knowledge of executive services. The real cause of this is that Government operations are too vast and complex to be learned in the time that busy men in Congress can give to their study. The existing knowledge is overestimated. When one sees the imperative demands variously made on the time and strength of Senators and Representatives, the wonder is, not that so little is known of executive details, but that so much is known. One cannot absorb from Washington air in a few months knowledge of affairs far larger than those of several of the largest corporations combined. Suspicion, therefore, in minor minds often takes the place of wisdom, and fancy that of fact. A certain service was stopped on the ground that it was war expenditure. It was not. It was merely begun during the war period, without having any relation to the war. It was a money-maker, having saved through one suggestion to a sister service double its own annual cost.

The gap—the gap of ignorance—between legislative and executive is a serious fault in our Government. It weakens and wastes daily. Congress thinks it knows. "What Congress does not know is not knowledge." Some members know some services. Older members get a general grasp, but these very men often expressed satisfaction at some useful work of which they had never before heard. They were often asked to come and see. When they saw, they frankly admitted their surprise, but they usually declined to see, on the true ground that they had no time.

How shall we substitute team-work for misunderstanding? Budgets alone will not do it. They help, but are not sufficient. Nor does calling men "Comanches" do other than show misapprehension of the facts. Bring spender face to face with provider. Let administrator meet legislator in debate. Let the truth be learned by question and answer between those who have the facts and those who want them. Now they are poles apart. Congress thinks this would put departments on the defensive. Perhaps? There have been times when the direct question, "Mr. Chairman, why was

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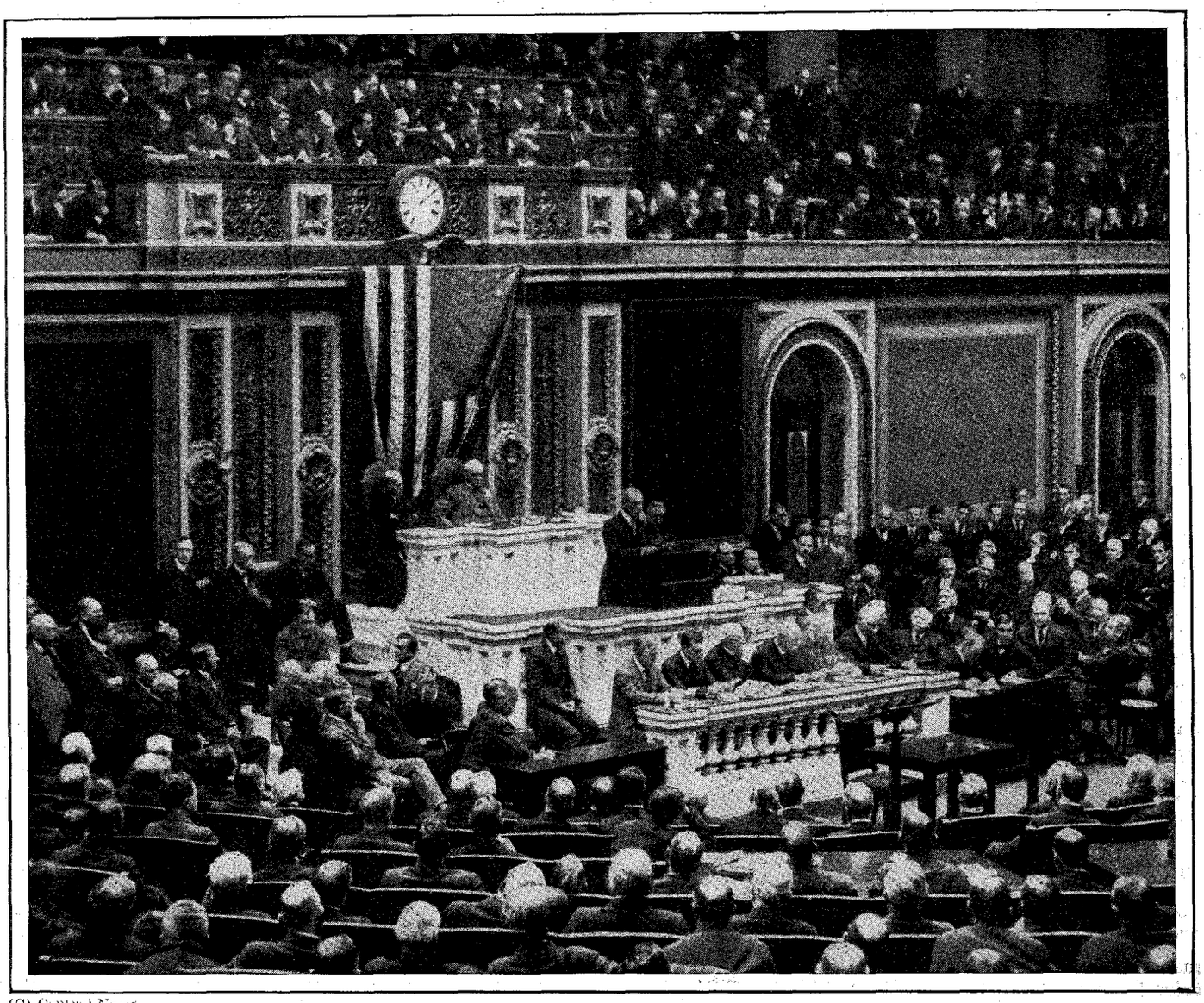

(C) Central News

Former President Wilson addressing a joint session of the House and Senate. Behind the President, who is standing at the desk, sits Speaker Clark, and at his side, with folded arms, Vice-President Marshall. Above the clock is the Press Gallery, which is crowded with Washington representatives of newspapers throughout the country; and in the foreground are members of Congress. The address was delivered in the chamber of the House of Representatives in the Capitol at Washington on February 3, 1917. "The weakness of the House," says Mr. Redfield, "as a working part of the Government is insufficient knowledge of economics and of the Government itself. This at times is combined with low political ideals and debased standards of public service"

this inserted (or omitted)?" from one who knew, would "start something." Now, despite all our hearings and printings, we are practically organized to conceal truth. Other lands provide for this; why not we? It was long ago recommended by a Congressional committee. I spent some hours in the Canadian House of Commons when a supply measure was pending. The experience provided a comparison which showed our methods to be as crude as deceptive.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS DISTRUSTED

The Department of Commerce had contact with the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives through the sub-committees on the so-called Sundry Civil Bill and the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Bill. These conducted hearings, to which were summoned the Department officers whose services were concerned. Let it be here set down that long experience with bureau chiefs did not show them to be the eager spenders of public funds which have been so vigorously described. These men worked under laws prescribing duties. They were also placed, and this is not sufficiently known, under constant pressure from the public to do more and yet more in the line which Congress had laid down. Each tried to do the allotted work with the means provided and to meet as far as was humanly possible the increasing demands of the public.

It is the simple fact that often services were financially starved, unable to meet adequately either of the standards thus imposed. Thus serving two masters, the bureaus asked means to meet demands which they did not create and could not control. They would have been seriously at fault had they not done so. They did this, however, with scrupulous care, and often took the responsibility of deferring important work. The subcommittees rarely had more than three members at a hearing—often but one. Experience before them was pleasant or not, according to the disposition of the chairman. One of these was considerate and thorough. Others were neither. Before them men were badgered and insulted. They let it be plainly known that they believed bureau officers would conceal or mislead to get funds. They were

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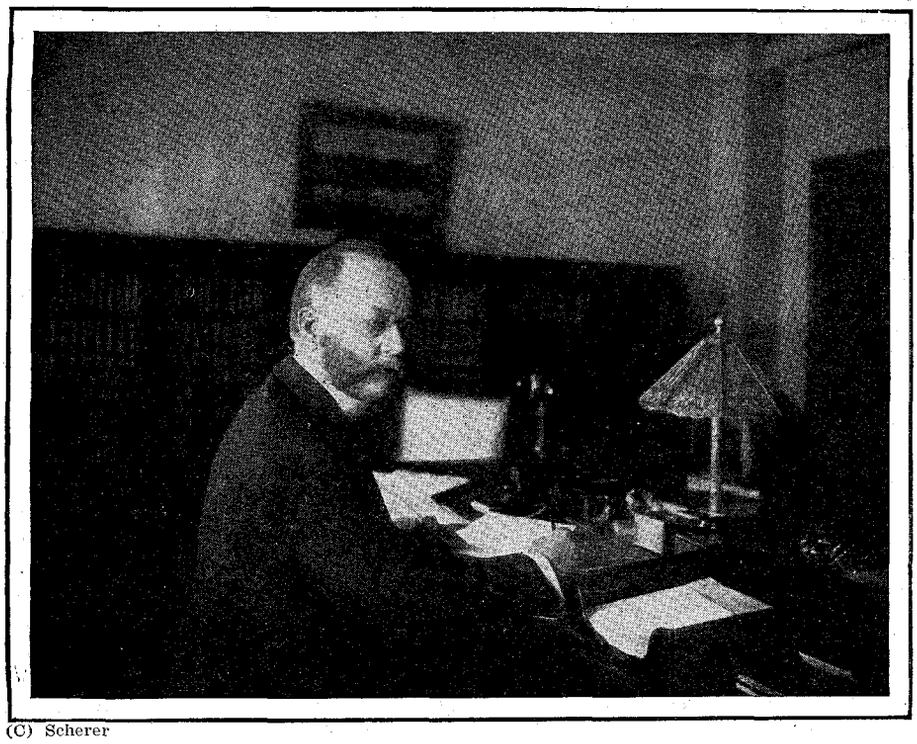

(C) Scherer

Mr. Redfield explains in this chapter the curious distrust by certain elements in Congress of various executive officers

suspicious and rude. One day when an assistant was harshly cross-examined I suggested that some confidence should be put in the statements of executive officers. The answer snapped back, "We don't trust executive officers." This was true, even when of the same party. Many men have recollections of enduring shameful treatment on these occasions. Yet certain men and services had the good will of Congress, while others, as worthy, lacked it. Appropriations sometimes were made rather on faith in a man than because any one knew clearly what they were about. Again useful work was prevented or stopped by mere prejudice against a man or service.

A hospital once asked for, say, $90,000. The spokesman stated its case, and left. A member then insisted on giving it but $45,000. It got only that sum. When the member was asked how he fixed the amount, he said there was no special reason, he just thought it was enough. The hospital had either to cripple its work or ask a deficiency appropriation. 'Crude this—very, but real.

DISGRACEFUL CONDITIONS ON A UNITED STATES SHIP

It is pleasant to say that the House Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce, with which we had close relations, was under both parties courteous and careful. Yet at times it took effort to convince them. The Coast and Geodetic Survey had an ancient vessel called the Endeavor. Once when the Lighthouse steamer which was my temporary abode had been driven ashore in the harbor of Lewes, Delaware, by a sharp gale, the Endeavor pulled us off the beach. We were not hard aground, or she could not have done it. The Endeavor had been a Confederate gunboat, and unverified tradition said that she was the former Lady Davis, contributed by the women of the Confederacy to their navy. She found her way into our surveying service, along with other craft cheap to get but costly to use. She was without maritime virtues, slow and wasteful. It was wrong to make officers of a scientific service live and work on such a ship as their only home for months together. It was an equal wrong to the seamen. She was not only uncomfortable, but unsafe. Appeals for another ship on these grounds fell upon deaf ears.

At last a happy accident brought the Endeavor into Baltimore, where she lay alongside a larger ship of another service, the Maple. Here was our chance for an object-lesson. Forthwith my friend and invaluable ally, Assistant Secretary Sweet, and myself invited the Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce, with whom the authorization rested, to be our guests at luncheon in Baltimore. We took them to the dock in our own cars, and set them on board the Endeavor. Then they saw how officers of the United States had to eat, sleep, live, and work at sea in one small room. They saw the absence of toilet conveniences. They saw the place in which the crew lived. The whole thing was disgraceful. Then, as we could not ask them to luncheon under the conditions to which our officers had to submit, they were invited to eat on board the larger ship. They lunched well on board the Maple, and were taken back to Washington in a spirit of cordial good fellowship. New ships were soon authorized. The Endeavor was sold. I think she brought $1,015.50.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey prepares the coastal charts for the Navy and the merchant marine. There was but one lithographic press for the work. Often the supply of charts ran out. There was no reserve press in case of failure. A second press was a necessity, but the chairman of the sub-committee having this appropriation in charge insisted that one was enough. He was invited to come to see for himself, the distance being perhaps three hundred yards. He refused, saying such visits "were too expensive." We wrestled long and hard for that second press, and finally got it. With our entrance into the war came the demand for thousands of charts to outfit ships for the Navy and the rapidly growing merchant marine. Soon the two presses were overwhelmed. It looked at times as though some ships would be chartless. Fortunately, President Wilson had at his disposal a large sum to be used for urgent war purposes. The facts were placed before the President, and a sufficient sum was promptly allotted by him to buy an automatic press of the latest type with larger capacity than the earlier two. By the use of the combined equipment, the Navy and the merchant marine received a sufficient supply.

CONGRESSIONAL STRATEGIES

There are tricks in the Congressional trade.

Near the end of a short session, when the incoming Congress was to be controlled by the opposite party, certain leaders in the House asked the Senate Appropriation Committee whether the Sundry Civil Bill could pass before the session ended. On being told that it could not, the bill was so drawn in the House as to cut appropriations below what it was known the departments would require for the conduct of their work. In this condition it was passed by the House of Representatives. The political idea involved was that when the opposing party was responsible for passing this bill in the coming Congress it would find it necessary to increase it to provide sufficient funds to do the Government work. It would then appear to those who did not understand the trick that the latter Congress was extravagant and the former economical. The fact of course was that, had the former bill become a law, a deficiency

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bill would have been necessary to keep the regular work of the Government moving.

It is far from telling the whole truth to say that deficiencies arise with the departments. Congress often imposes work upon services without giving them means with which to do it, and sometimes by deliberate act puts a Cabinet officer in a false position. I went one day to the Appropriations Committee with the usual estimate for an established service. I received no criticism of the actual amount asked, which had not been increased. Nevertheless the Chairman of the Committee said:

"We've got to make this bill small. Therefore we can't allow at this time the full amount. You want, say, a million and a quarter. We will give you eight hundred thousand now, and you come around next December for a deficiency for the balance."

The theory of course was that the annual bill to which public attention was directed would be reduced by a considerable sum and that no one would notice the deficiency bill in the hurry of the short session later in the year after election.

Congress took a peculiar view of an unexpended balance of an appropriation at the end of a fiscal year. In order to keep within the law there must be some such balance, but beware of too much. At the next session, when one goes before the Appropriation Committee for funds the first question is apt to be, "What was your unexpended balance last year?" If there was a considerable sum returned to the Treasury unexpended, the usual thought of the Committee was, not to commend you for having saved money, but rather to rebuke you for having been extravagant in your estimate for the previous year. You are made to feel that the saving of public funds was a mistake. This absurd condition is well known, and is of course an incentive to action which prevents unexpended balances. It is small wonder, therefore, that it is said that many services cast about near the close of the fiscal year to see what is needed for which the balance of available funds can be properly spent.

Representatives were not so troublesome about appointments as Senators. Some, indeed, seemed to have little else in mind, but they were not so arbitrary as were the upper level. Many Representatives will not back an inefficient man; others will. A House member called upon the chief of a service, saying he did so to recommend one of the employees for promotion because "he had made a fine record and was thoroughly efficient." The chief asked his name. On being told, he said:

"Congressman, I'll tell you very frankly what that man's record in the service is. It is such that I have just recommended to the Secretary that he be demoted from $1,600 per annum to $1,200."

The Congressman looked at the chief for a moment, then said: "I knew very well that that fellow is not worth a cuss, but I had to come around and ask it because of strong pressure from home."

THREE TYPES OF LIARS

Of course lobyists were about, and in time three notable ones separated themselves from the common herd. They represented three distinct types of liars. The first might be called the crooked liar, of the sort that not only did not tell the truth but would not if he could. If he met the truth in the street he would cross the road.

A second was a polite liar, suave, tactful, and courteous. It was difficult to ruffle his urbanity. Unselfish in seeming, he was sure to turn up when anything arose relating to the interests he was safeguarding, prepared to make the worse appear the better reason and to conceal truth beneath skillful language sometimes as pleasant as misleading.

The third would tell the truth when he saw it, but his eyes were blinded so that he could not see. A sincere and devoted man; earnest in his cause, but with a distorted vision. His zeal made him difficult, if not dangerous. Men like these sometimes get a surprising hold. They are finely equipped with half-truths which they are practiced in stating. Some members are eager to believe ill either of an Administration of opposite political faith or of a department under the care of an official who may have refused some favor. Nor is this confined to the lower house. It has its able, if not admirable, exponents in the upper chamber.

Sometimes a Senator or Representative of high character is completely deceived for a long time and refuses to accept the truth when it is plainly placed before him. More than once services were embarrassed and the public work hindered by antagonisms that had no better source than the clever workings of unscrupulous men through those who listened to them. Eventually, however, but sometimes after a long time, these men find their true level and lose their influence. Meanwhile an administrative officer can only sit tight and take care, where such enemies are abroad, not only to be right, but to be able to show it.

One of the pleasant recollections of service in the House of Representatives was the work of the special committee to investigate and report on so-called "scientific management" (the Taylor System), with particular reference to conditions at the Watertown, Massachusetts, Arsenal. The committee comprised Mr. W. B. Wilson, then Chairman of the Committee on Labor and later Secretary of Labor; Mr. J. Q. Tilson, of New Haven, Connecticut, the Republican member; and myself. Here was a combination—a labor leader, a manufacturer, a lawyer. The subject was highly controversial. The hearings were at times heated, to put it mildly, and the viewpoints of the committee were unlike, if not opposed. But my colleagues were sincere and open-minded. They desired to do what was right and had no purpose to ignore facts or to bolster up preconceived opinions. So, thanks to their broad spirit, the committee rendered a unanimous report, a result that at the outset seemed impossible.

Having said so much above in criticism, it is but fair in closing to speak of the many able men in the House who in both parties constantly strive to do service to the public. Their names are too many to record here. Their work in promoting good and restraining evil is itself their best reward. Let this be such tribute as is within my present power.

A CHIEF JUSTICE GROWS PROFANE

It happened at the French Embassy in Washington, during the tense, early days of the World War. Chief Justice White took one look at a threatening German poster addressed to the people of Liège, and promptly became incensed and profane. Mr. Redfield tells all about it in next week's chapter of his reminiscences.

He shows the famous Wilson Cabinet in session, and describes numerous personal traits of Secretaries Lansing, Lane, Daniels, Burleson, and others. A remarkable page of fanciful pencil sketches dashed off by Mr. Lansing during one of the Cabinet sessions is reproduced.

The back-down of the Imperial German Government at the behest of the United States, prior to our entry into the war, is described.

The greatest war machine in the world and the transformation of Washington as the war progressed are closely depicted.

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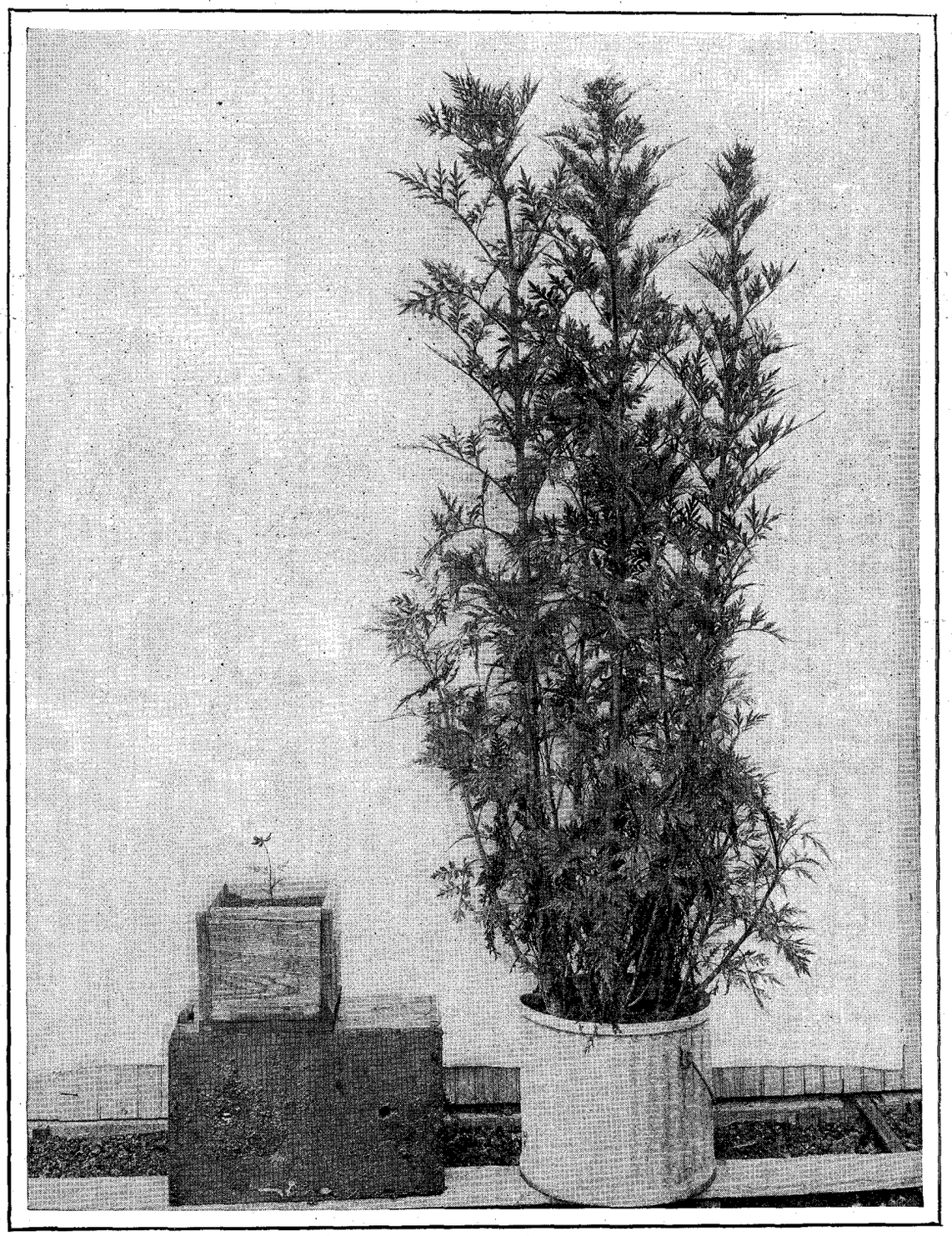
TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE EGO IN THIS COSMOS?



A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY

These cosmos plants—the very large one and the very small one—show how the length of the day affects blooming and fruiting of plants. The large one, which was grown outdoors and used every minute of daylight, is several feet high and has not bloomed. The small one, of the same variety, young and not stunted, had its light ration controlled to eight hours a day, and bloomed when only a few inches high. The big plant had to wait for the short days of fall to stimulate it to put out flowers. This new fact, discovered by the United States Department of Agriculture, promises to be of great scientific and practical value. You may demonstrate this effect of the length of day yourself if you care to go to the trouble of putting a fall-flowering plant to bed under a tight box every afternoon and of taking it out every morning

From C. E. Gapen, Washington, D. C.

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE STEIN SONGS AND POETRY

THIS week a colleague of mine pokes some editorial fun at the latest work from the pen of Gertrude Stein. I am quite certain that many a good laugh can be legitimately excavated from her linguistic experiment called "Geography and Plays," [1] but I am not so sure that a good laugh is all that awaits the diligent digger in this particular field of sound without sense.

It might be well, first of all, to try to define the task which Miss Stein has attempted. It is difficult and probably impossible for a person like myself to make such a definition in a manner satisfactory to Miss Stein and her defenders, for I confess in advance that I am not sympathetic with what I conceive to be the ends she has in view.

The task she is attempting, as I understand it, is the use of words for the creation of sound patterns without regard to their meanings. She says to the conventional poet, or the writer of conventional prose: "What you have been attempting is of little more artistic value than the work of a musician who is trying to extract speech or incident from pure music. You are merely programme writers ignorant of the subtilities which await the touch of the real artist. Ignoring all the accepted meanings, connotations, and the atmosphere of the words in our language, I will use these as sound symbols in the creation of a new medium of artistic expression." If this is not a fair statement of what Miss Stein has attempted, I stand ready for correction.

Granting for the moment the desirability of the creation of such a new form of artistic expression, it seems to me that Miss Stein is building her house of the wrong materials. The basic material she seeks is not to be found in words, but in arrangements of vowels and consonants without relation to their accepted place in a spoken language. To ask a person to assume an air of complete detachment towards familiar words and phrases is a demand which the human mind inevitably finds it difficult to grant. It is like asking a surgeon to assume an air of complete impersonality and detachment in the performance of an operation on his mother or his wife. Surgeons do not attempt such operations, because they know that there are times when even a scientist cannot put aside the fact that he is also a man. Why should we be asked to ignore the spiritual heritage of the word "mother" any more than we ask the surgeon to forget that the flesh of his mother awaits the knife?

So much for the theory; now to the practice of this new art. A scientist not so long ago published a book on the theory of poetry. One of the chief of the many unfortunate errors in this volume was the fact that the scientist attempted to prove his theories by putting them into practice. He wanted to show that poetry could be constructed by scientific methods, and he succeeded only in proving that he was not, and never could be, a poet. I would not go so far as to say that Miss Stein has made quite so miserable a failure as the scientist to whom I have referred. She has in her book passages which are rhythmical and which, if divorced from any consideration of sense, have a pleasing syllabification. Possibly if they were read aloud to some one who did not understand English they might produce as marked an effect as has been sometimes made by foreign poets who have come to America to read from their works in languages unknown to their hearers. How much of this effect has been due to the inherent beauty of the language and how much to the inherent capacity of their audiences to intoxicate themselves with exotic potions it would perhaps not be wise to attempt to say. I feel certain, however, that Miss Stein has not achieved any arrangement of sound at all comparable to the work of poets who have been hampered by the restrictions of sense.

One of the best ways of arriving at an understanding of poetic construction is to take some familiar and famous passage and repeat it over and over until the too solid words resolve themselves in so far as is possible into pure sound elements. The test requires the same power of detachment which Miss Stein apparently asks of readers of her book, but it is more easily achieved through hypnotic repetition than by a deliberate dismissal of all the meaning which surrounds the elements of our speech. Take, for instance, such a passage as the opening lines of Coleridge's "Kubla Khan:"

> In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree,
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man
> Down to a sunless sea.

or such a passage as the familiar lines from "Macbeth:"

> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps on this petty pace from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time.

Say these lines over and over. Note how surely the syllables flow and how one vowel sound melts into the next with the emphasis of variety and strength of reiteration. In those magic opening lines of "Kubla Khan" there is not a single sound which does not leave the vocal organs on the threshold of the next. If poets can achieve such utterance in combination with emotion, reason, and sensation, why should they impoverish themselves by the elimination of all these aids to understanding? Because a great actor can bring tears to the eyes of the audience by reciting the multiplication table, why should he confine his efforts solely to the recitation of mathematical formulæ?

There may be more to be said for Miss Stein's work than for the labor of those who are trying to catch hold of the coat-tails of immortality by the elimination of commas and the suppression of capital letters, but I confess that when Mr. Sherwood Anderson asks, "Would it not be a lovely and charmingly ironic gesture of the gods if, in the end, the work of this artist were to prove the most lasting and important of all the word slingers of our generation?" I am inclined to suspect that on that distant day to which Mr. Anderson refers the gods will have something better to do with their time than to make charmingly ironic gestures at those of us who still cling to the proven realities of poetry.

HAROLD T. PULSIFER.

[1] Geography and Plays. By Gertrude Stein. The Four Seas Company, Boston. $3.50.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

BLACK, WHITE, AND BRINDLED. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Phillpotts, whom we usually associate with Dartmoor life, outdoor nature, and character, has taken a wide departure from his early subjects in these short stories of queer adventures and strange happenings in the West Indies. The subject-matter is certainly original and unusual, and many of the tales are vivid bits of impressionism. The author's knowledge of the West Indies is surprisingly definite. The curious title is drawn from the fact that the actors in the stories are varied in race.

FRIEND AT COURT (A). By Leon Stern and Elizabeth Stern. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

These stories of experiences in the work of a New York probation officer are remarkable in their vivid, moving, pictures of court scenes and in the suggestions of tragedy and suffering behind them. They have fictional value, and still more so the reality of human sympathy. In an introductory note Dean Kirchwey truly says that

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the book is not only "a novel or collection of stories of absorbing interest for the general reader, but a casebook as well for the student, social worker, and probation officer."

FASCINATING STRANGER (THE). By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $2.

Short stories. That which furnishes the book's title is rollickingly humorous in its ending, while the others differ considerably in their inventive and entertaining qualities.

HUGH GWYETH. By Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

A stirring romance of England in the days of Roundheads and Cavaliers. It was first published about twenty years ago, has long been and still is popular with boys and young men, and has become a standard volume in the realm of stories of war and adventure. If it hasn't been made into a "movie," it should be, for it has exciting action and good character drawing, and is neither yellow nor super-sentimental.

IN THE LAND OF COTTON. By Dorothy Scarborough. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

This relates in story form the experiences of a little girl on a Texas cotton ranch. She sees the crop made, the fun and queer doings of the Negroes, the hatefulness of a chain gang; the Indian traditions and legends of the city of Waco in the early days are related to her by old-timers; she talks and plays and, on the whole, has a very good time. The romance and tragedy of the cotton industry are strongly presented. In time she grows up and has her own romance. The author has a good sense of character and humor.

OLD FOREVER. By Alfred Ollivant. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.75.

This is a story of India, in subject-matter a little like Kipling's earlier tales. "Old Forever" is a British officer who replied by heliograph with the one word "forever" when asked how long he could hold a certain frontier pass. There is abundance of action and a beautiful incident of sacrifice when "Old Forever's" wife risks herself and her baby in a cholera epidemic to give morale to her husband's native regiment, the ranks of which are decimated by cholera; the regiment is saved, but the baby dies. The book's faults are too much detail about intricate race relations and a little over-stressing of horrors.

TIME IS WHISPERING. By Elizabeth Robins. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

This novel by the author of "The Convert" and "The Magnetic North" revolves around the friendship, touched with love but not in the common sense a love affair, between an elderly retired India official and a woman of moderate middle age and great attractiveness in character and cleverness. They are mutually interested in gardening and horticulture, they are both displeased by the excess of "modernity" in literature and social life, and they discuss these things and the effects of the war upon English character and culture. The marriage which results is merely a continuation of the friendship.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

ROUGHING IT SMOOTHLY. By Elon Jessup. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Practical information of all sorts for campers, hikers, canoeists, and other lovers of the great outdoors is found here in abundance. Not only that, but it is presented in an entertaining way that makes the gathering of this useful information a real pleasure. Some of these enjoyable chapters, we are glad to say, originally appeared in The Outlook.

SPORT AND ATHLETICS

MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL. By John J. McGraw. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

If Mr. McGraw's Giants keep up their present rate of winning, the season of 1923 bids fair to lead them again to the World Championship. Every one—that is, every "fan"—knows John J. to be wise, subtle, and learned in baseball strategy and in managing men. Here he talks about dozens of things he has seen in his thirty years on the batter's bench or in the manager's dugout—early days with "Matty," picking good players, signals, salaries, famous plays, "boneheads" pulled, trades in players, players' wives in baseball, sand-lot players vs. college-graduate players, and lots more. If there is a better book about the great game, we don't know it.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

BY CAMEL AND CAR TO THE PEACOCK THRONE. By E. Alexander Powell. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $3.

Here is a stirring account of adventure in the Near East by four men who journeyed from Constantinople to Teheran. Full of circumstantial details about the trip, the book yet has a background of information and reflection about present conditions in the countries traversed that makes it instructive as well as delightful reading.

DOWN THE MACKENZIE. By Fullerton Waldo. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

Some of the experiences and observations of the author in his Arctic journey have been told in Outlook articles. From the Great Slave Lake to Fort McPherson, at the mouth of the Mackenzie, is many hundreds of miles. Mr. Waldo saw and talked with all sorts of people—and the reader is surprised to find how many different kinds of people do live in that supposedly lonely and certainly distant region. The author has a lively sense of humor and a notable faculty for picking out the things that are odd or unusual or characteristic and for reporting incidents and bits of talk. More than most travelers he takes his reader with him. Thus his book is made enjoyable as well as informative. The illustration is abundant and excellent.

CRUISES ALONG BY-WAYS OF THE PACIFIC. By William Herbert Hobbs. The Stratford Company, Boston, Mass.

Books of a more or less romantic character about the islands of the Pacific have become popular. This volume discards romance and deals only with the realities of an expedition of a scientific character, but the human and adventurous aspects of the voyage are so treated that the book is decidedly entertaining.

MADRID: PAST AND PRESENT. By Mrs. Steuart Erskine. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

One who has found the key to many of the less familiar aspects of the Spanish capital gives in this attractive volume the record of her experiences and observations. The book will interest both the prospective tourist and the lover of "fireside travels."

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

ESCAPADE OF ROGER DREW (THE). By Frank Dilnot. The Stratford Company, Boston. $1.50.

HOUSE OF THE ENEMY (THE). By Camille Mallarme. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

SWEET PEPPER. By Geoffrey Moss. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

TRODDEN GOLD. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

WRONG SHADOW (THE). By Harold Brighouse. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

ROBERT BROWNING: THE POET AND THE MAN. By Frances M. Sim. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

SAINT LYDWINE OF SCHIEDAM. By J. K. Huysmans. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

DRAMA OF SINN FEIN (THE). By Shaw Desmond. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.

JAY'S TREATY. By Samuel Flagg Bemis. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.25.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

SILVER LINING (THE). By Thomas L. Masson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

WISDOM OF BALZAC (THE). By Harry Rickel. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

INSPIRATION. By Nolan Rice Best. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

EDUCATIONAL

HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAY TRANSPORTATION. By George R. Chatburn. Illustrated. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $3.

SCIENCE

EVOLUTION OF THE CONSCIOUS FACULTIES (THE). By J. Varendonck. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.25.

MISCELLANEOUS

EVERYBODY'S MONEY. By Ernest McCullough. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

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THE MAIL BAG

THE PATRIOTISM OF A CHURCHMAN

A REAL patriot was the man who once said:

My country! Right or wrong: my country!
If right, to encourage: if wrong, to set her right.

This is exactly how I feel with regard to my Church. (I am the pastor of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Marietta, Pennsylvania.) I am anxious to be a loyal patriot to my ecclesiastical connection, commending wherever possible; kindly and sympathetically pointing out wherein we might make improvement.

Now the one point in which, to my mind, we are lacking is that we make no provision for a member of any other church to gain membership in our body by means of credentials.

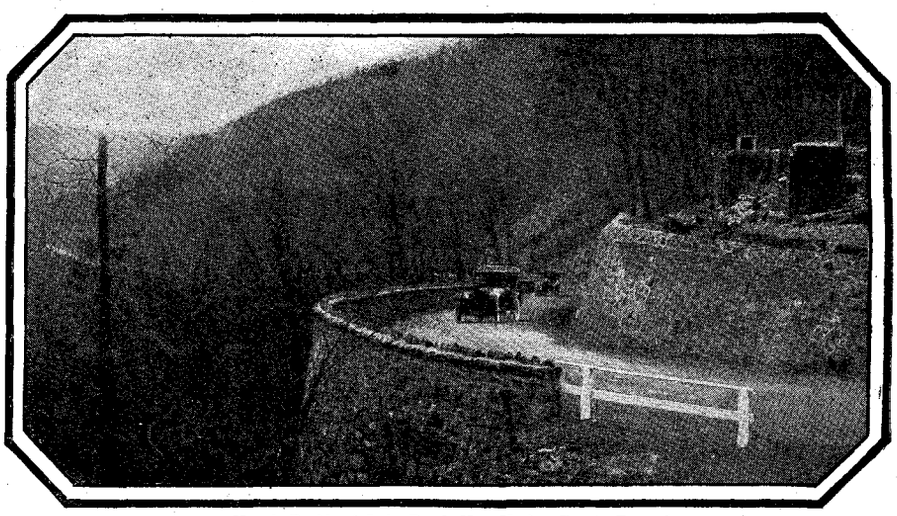
At the present time we treat all alike and insist that, whether member of some Christian body or not, each candidate for membership in one of our churches must submit to confirmation at the hands of a bishop.

No objection is made to this rite as far as it concerns the children of our own members or others who may not have taken vows upon themselves nor been received into the membership of any Christian body, but it is discourteous (not to say un-Christian) to discredit the vows one took in the Methodist Church, for instance, and require him to repeat those same vows when his letter of dismissal from the church in which he subscribed to those vows is really a statement of his good standing in the church from which he comes.

Confirmation in an Episcopal church is nothing more than our way of inducting one into the Church of Christ. In other churches a Christian takes vows in which he promises to walk worthy of the calling, and these differ with the varying denominations. It is right and proper that one do that which will call to his mind the solemn occasion that calls him forth.

In other Protestant churches, however, a Christian may pass from one to the other upon the presentation of a letter of dismissal, but we lack this very important feature in our ritual.

Confirmation is not the means whereby one joins the Episcopal Church, for we distinctly tell all such that they were made members of the Church at their baptism. Confirmation is simply a confirmation of certain vows that their sponsors took for them. We are broad enough to accept the baptism of any Christian body, and do not require any person to be rebaptized; why not accept the rite whereby he was inducted as a communicant member of his Church? We disclaim rebaptism, yet we practice



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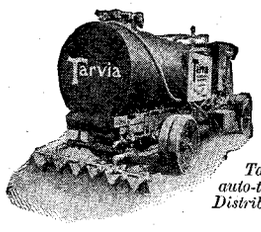

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Mighty men were they who followed the banner of France across the sparkling waters of the St. Lawrence—Cartier, Champlain, Laval, La Salle, Joliette, Frontenac. Heroes indeed, whose deeds resound among these cliffs and towering peaks. Old Quebec still broods in the sunset glow of her illustrious past—Queen of the most magnificent dream of empire that history records.

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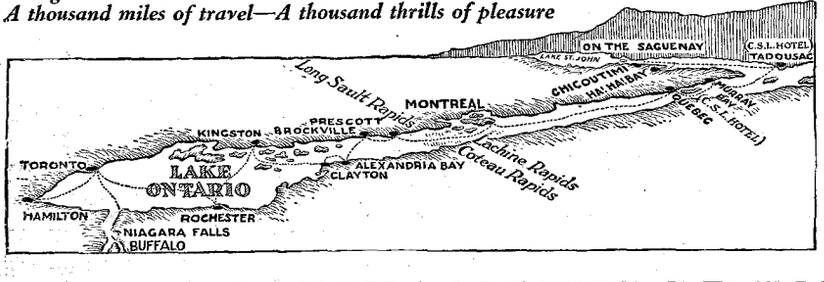

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

reconfirmation! This is inconsistent.

The above is not an argument, for it admits of no controversy; it is but a logical statement of facts. The thoughts, however, will eventually lead the Episcopal Church to take such action as will put us in position to do the most good with the means at our command.

ALAN PRESSLEY WILSON.

THE OREGON TRAIL AND THE MOVIES

MAY I point out a mistake in The Outlook of April 25, in "Great Themes not Greatly Treated," in reference to the "dramatic crossing of the upper Missouri," which, no doubt, should have been the North Platte, as that was the river crossed by the Oregon Trail.

I have heard some criticism by people who have seen the film of "The Covered Wagon" on the point that the Platte is actually only a few inches deep, and could not have afforded this dramatic crossing, but I would say that they are confusing the South Platte with the North Platte, which most of the year is deep and with a swift current.

However, there are some points in the film which make it historically not true, so many places where a little care to the details of a covered-wagon train of the early days would give the younger generation a better idea of the experiences of us pioneers who crossed the plains with ox teams.

We agree most decidedly with The Outlook's criticism, that the film is "marred by a paucity of imagination wherever the theme departs from the historical enterprise," and that the clean-shaven "typical movie hero" does not fill the bill; but we go further and long for a covered-wagon train more like those we knew, and besieged by Indians, as our trains were. The Indians we fought had less ammunition and guns and more arrows. Corrals were made in the open, not closely surrounded by ravines and gullies, where Indians might be lurking. Making a corral was a work of art, and after a few weeks out, drivers became expert in quickly forming the corral. Nowhere in the film do they show a well-formed corral, with interlocking wheels, wagon tongues turned in, and horses and cattle all in the inside, ready for defensive and offensive.

There are several places where some of us "bull-whackers" of the Bozeman Trail or the Bridger's cut-off or the Sawyer's expedition, which we were with, think we might have aided the director of "The Covered Wagon" from the historical standpoint. We leave it to The Outlook to fill in the love story.

A. M. HOLMAN.

Denver, Colorado.

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SAFEGUARDING AMERICA'S MOTOR TRANSPORTATION INTERESTS

INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE BENEFIT BY CO-OPERATION WITH STATES IN SANE REGULATION OF COMMERCIAL MOTOR VEHICLES

BY WILLIAM ULLMAN

WITH sixty per cent of the Nation's total motor-car mileage used entirely for business purposes, it is quite evident why alert business men are sensing the need for industry's co-operation with the States in the matter of saner regulation of the 1,250,000 registered motor trucks. It is a matter of sheer necessity.

Many industries are adding materially to the cost of operating trucks and at the same time are sacrificing much in the way of profits because of a mistaken notion that regulation is a private hobby of the States' motor vehicle authorities. A few, on the other hand, have seen the light, and are cutting costs and building for the great future of commercial auto transportation by acting on the principle that no form of transportation can be successful without first being safe.

The ideal law is one which places safety above all else; because only when transportation is safe is it economical, profitable, and desirable. The business house which sends its motor trucks out over the roads with inadequate brakes is acting contrary to its own interests.

From the standpoint of the State, rigid regulations as to brakes, headlights, overloading, etc., where found, are enacted for the protection of the individual; but from the standpoint of the Nation's industries and business firms these regulations should also be interpreted as "insurance against transportation interruption."

Strict enforcement, however, fails to focus this idea properly, because when enforcement is shouldered entirely by the States the results are ofttimes very undesirable. It explains why in several States where weight restrictions are rigid many firms are sending their trucks over the highways excessively overloaded, preferring to run the risk of conviction and fine.

These firms do not realize that they are risking the lives of their employees, their profits, their reputation, by discouraging the efforts of the States to assure the success of motor transportation through safeguarding it. They are not aware that unless they are willing to co-operate with the States, it will be necessary to so curb commercial auto transportation that its utility will be seriously handicapped.

Those who are aware of the fact

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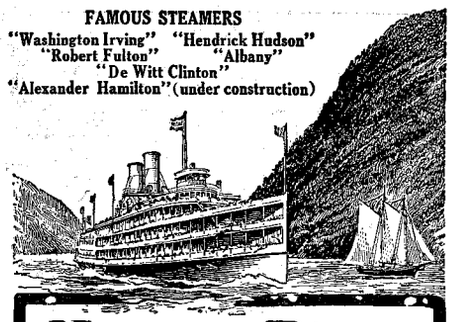

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SAFEGUARDING AMERICA'S MOTOR TRANSPORTATION INTERESTS

(Continued)

that we must have freer use of the motor vehicle in transportation can appreciate the undesirability of such a situation. The laws must be so designed that by making safety compulsory the motor vehicle can be of greater service to business. All that is required is proper co-operation between the States and the businesses which use motor trucks and commercial cars; but the nature of this co-operation is not clearly understood. In some instances it is not even recognized.

The wide variation in State regulations encourages misuse of the commercial vehicle, but this is no alibi for business firms. There is sufficient variation in local conditions, the density of traffic, and so forth, to justify much of the variation in automobile laws as one finds them in different sections of the country; but when a firm sends out its vehicles loaded in excess of the manufacturers' recommendations there is no justification in attempting to "economize" on haulage by trying to outwit the State inspectors.

It is astonishing to witness this performance as it is observed on the Boston Post Road connecting New York and Boston. The Massachusetts law sets the maximum gross weight for trucks at 28,000 pounds, distributed not more than 800 pounds per inch of tire width, while in New York the limit is 25,000 pounds, distributed not more than 800 pounds per inch of tire width (outside of cities). As the tendency is to exceed the limit of weight, as in the case of speed, the situation is such that a large percentage of vehicles passing through Connecticut exceed its limit, which is 25,000 pounds, 700 pounds per inch of tire width. Connecticut immediately got busy and built scales at both boundary ends of the highway. Almost at once improvident firms devised a way to circumvent the law.

It is handled in a very crude but ofttimes effective way. The firm shipping out of New York sends the load to the Greenwich, Connecticut, scales by two trucks. Having passed the inspection point, the load from the auxiliary truck is loaded on the other. One truck proceeds to Boston, excessively overloaded; the other returns to New York, the owners being of the opinion that this is the more economical way of transporting the firm's wares!

One of these overloaded vehicles actually crashed through the scales at Greenwich. It cost the owners of the truck a large share of its profits, several days' delay, inconvenienced its customers, and, in general, encouraged the sort of motor-vehicle regulation which is bound to curb the freer use

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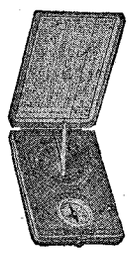

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SAFEGUARDING AMERICA'S MOTOR TRANSPORTATION INTERESTS

(Continued)

of vehicles unless the industries of America take a more active interest in automobile regulation and co-operate with the States in the enactment of laws which will keep the highways open by clearing them of the *causes* of accidents.

An overloaded truck is so obviously a highway hazard that if violations continue it will be necessary greatly to lower the maximum limit and inaugurate a policy of strict enforcement everywhere. This would mean that in order to penalize the few who insist upon disregarding safety it would be necessary to curtail the transportation facilities of the many. If 20,000 pounds should be made the maximum in order to insure transportation against weights in excess of 25,000 pounds, it would mean that many firms which might be justified in sending trucks over the road in excess of 20,000 would be penalized.

This is just the sort of restrictive legislation which industries of America are encouraging by failing to co-operate properly with the States in the enforcement of those simple laws of safety now on the statutes.

The trouble is very largely the result of the average business firm's inadequate contact with conditions. In Connecticut a truck driver was warned that unless attention was given to the vehicle's brakes the owners would be heavily fined. Being caught a second time, the driver explained that the firm would not pay any attention to him. They would attend to the matter when it suited them. They were viewing the matter from the standpoint of to-day's profits—which, as experience ofttimes proves, are frequently the cause of to-morrow's losses.

The firm did not consider the possibility of complete failure of the brakes, an accident, a fatality, delays, and cause for further restriction of motor transportation.

Further investigation of the case revealed the fact that the driver had more than once complained about the bad condition of the truck's brakes, but in every instance he was suspected of wanting a day off. Suffice it to say that he received a very generous vacation while representatives of the firm attended court and sent the vehicle to a repair shop.

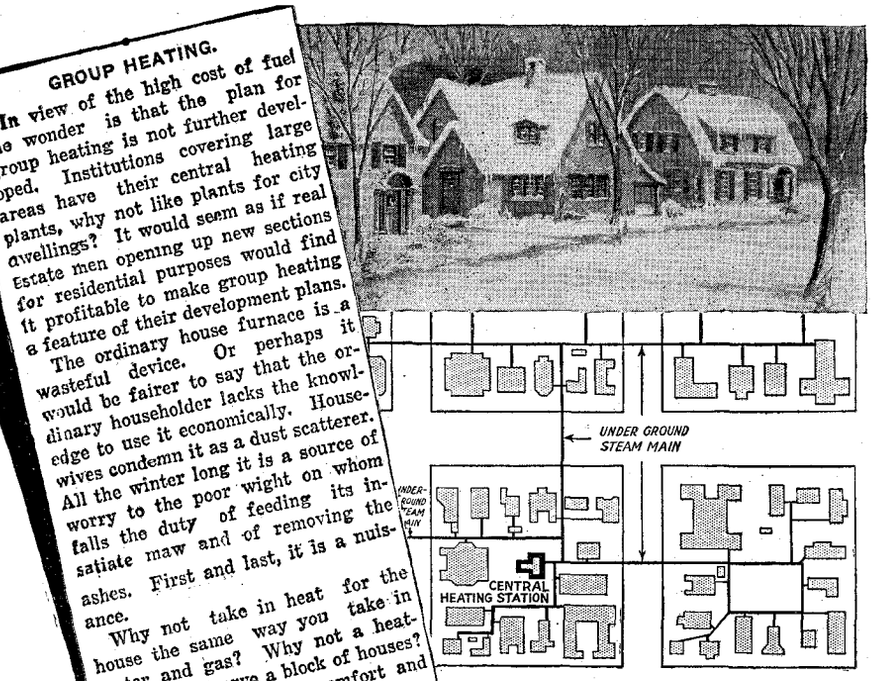
Had the firm in question co-operated with the State in a way that was reasonable, time and profits would not have been consumed in the manner described. Many business firms are making a special effort to safeguard their own transportation interests by seeing that their vehicles do not endanger other traffic and property. Such firms send their commercial vehicles to the repair shop for overhauling at regular and frequent inter-

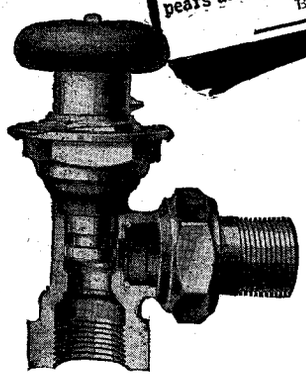
GROUP HEATING.

In view of the high cost of fuel the wonder is that the plan for group heating is not further developed. Institutions covering large areas have their central heating plants, why not like plants for city dwellings? It would seem as if real estate men opening up new sections for residential purposes would find it profitable to make group heating a feature of their development plans. The ordinary house furnace is a wasteful device. Or perhaps it would be fairer to say that the ordinary householder lacks the knowledge to use it economically. Housewives condemn it as a dust scatterer. All the winter long it is a source of worry to the poor wight on whom falls the duty of feeding its insatiate maw and of removing the ashes. First and last, it is a nuisance.

Why not take in heat for the house the same way you take in water and gas? Why not a heating plant to serve a block of houses? What a convenience, comfort and saving there would be in such an arrangement. The city government would benefit from it as well as the householders, for the plan would mean a material reduction in the cost of collecting ashes. There is everything to commend the plan, nothing to be said against it. The more one dwells on the idea the more engaging it appears—the more the plan of a furnace in every house appears an anachronism.

Buffalo Evening News.





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Community Heating for Building Groups

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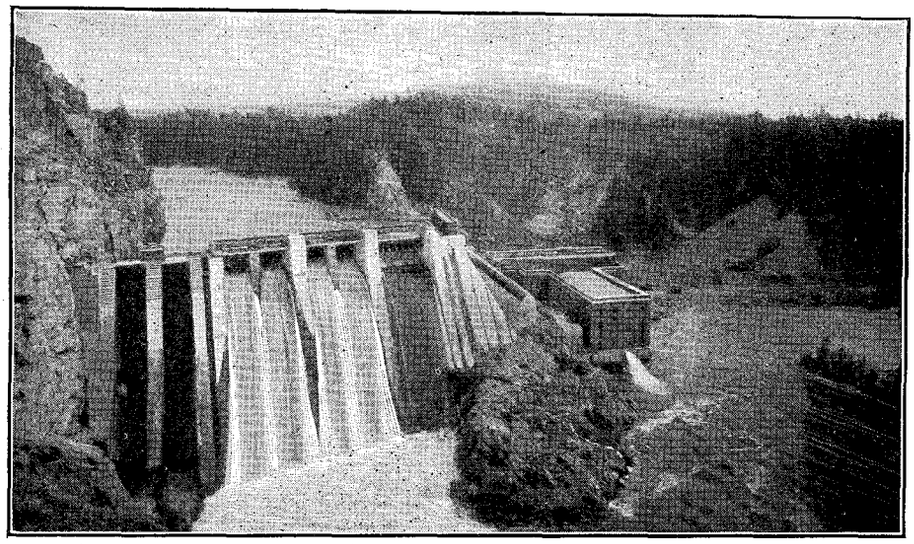

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SAFEGUARDING AMERICA'S MOTOR TRANSPORTATION INTERESTS

(*Continued*)

vals, and the drivers are put on their honor to keep their driving above reproach.

The selection of operators is an interesting matter to which newer legislation is bound to direct more attention. It is a fallacy to believe that legislation is on the way to restricting the freer use of motor vehicles where the tendency toward stricter regulation in the matter of licensing operators is found. Firms taking advantage of motor transportation in States where operators are not required to take out licenses are at a disadvantage without realizing it. They have no reasonable way of telling whether an applicant for position as truck operator is qualified. The applicant may have a very undesirable record as an operator. It means that, with the very heart of the matter overlooked, the consequences of incompetent and unlawful operation of vehicles will sooner or later cause these seemingly lax States to hedge auto transportation with a lot of unfortunate legislation and restrictions.

Speed limits will be materially lowered, destroying one of the advantages of truck transportation—speed. Numerous highway inspectors will be needed to keep order, and the vehicle owners will pay the expenses. In general, auto transportation will be hampered by all manner of restrictions which will be aimed at the results rather than the cause.

This sort of thing has already appeared in various States, and its retrogression is that it harks back to the days when the motor vehicle was viewed as requiring regulation because it was an annoyance. States which now have the strictest requirements with regard to licensing and regulation of operators are those which are on a fair way to making motor transportation safer, and more successful, with fewer restrictions. The attitude taken by such States should be encouraged by those firms which are in a position to co-operate.

Where an operator is required to qualify for license by demonstration (through examination), his ability to handle a vehicle properly, and where his misdemeanors may mean suspension or revocation of license, business firms have more assurance that the men they engage to handle the most important feature of their auto transportation are competent. There are many loopholes of course in the present systems, not the least of which is lack of proper reciprocity between States. The undesirable operator can go from one State to another for employment as a driver where reciprocity covering license revocation is not in force. The loss to American business by reason of the employment of these

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SAFEGUARDING AMERICA'S MOTOR TRANSPORTATION INTERESTS
(*Continued*)

undesirable operators is sufficient reason for the adoption of simple but effective legislation which will safeguard the interests of those engaged in benefiting by motor transportation.

Such a law would make all operators' licenses perpetual. There would be no annual renewal procedure as now, with the misdemeanors of the year previous gone and forgotten. Once granted, the license would be held by an operator with the idea of keeping it unsullied, for on this record every accident or violation would be recorded. The system is somewhat the same as New York City's violation card plan, except that it includes Connecticut's feature of duplicate records of violations kept in the master files of the motor-vehicle department.

The story of an operator's record would be plainly outlined on his license. The first thing any firm would ask in considering an applicant would be, "Let me see your operator's license." Such a licensing law, if universally adopted, would mean (in the case of commercial operators alone) that over ten per cent of the Nation's drivers would be unconsciously safeguarding auto transportation by trying to hold their jobs. The benefits to business in general are quite obvious.

As matters now stand, an operator's license is valued at the few dollars he pays to his State to obtain it. When a man's livelihood depends upon holding a clean record, he puts a different sort of valuation on his license.

Not until American firms recognize the fact that the whole situation rests with the proper licensing of their transportation pilots will the present and future difficulties in the use of commercial vehicles be alleviated. The Nation's commercial automobile transportation interests must be safeguarded, and it is only reasonable to expect co-operation from those who are most interested in its success.

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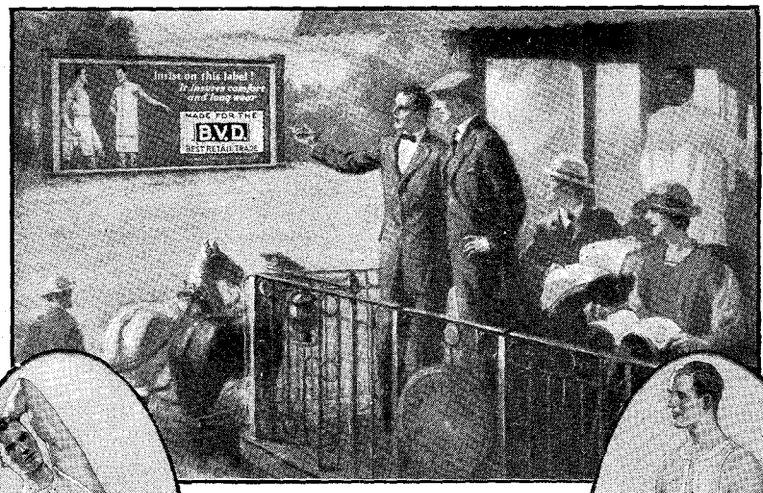

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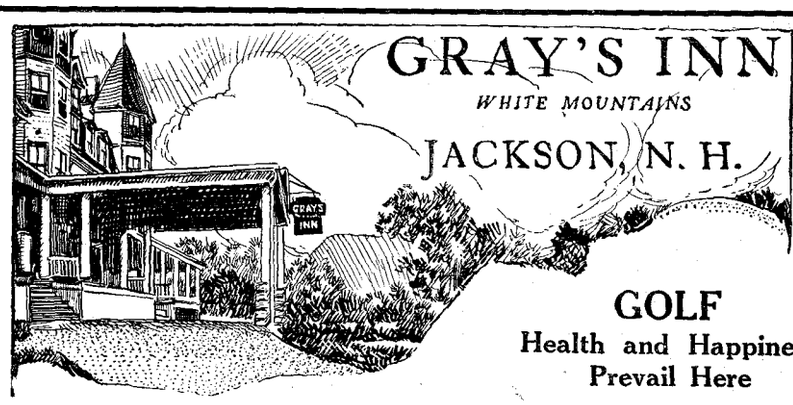

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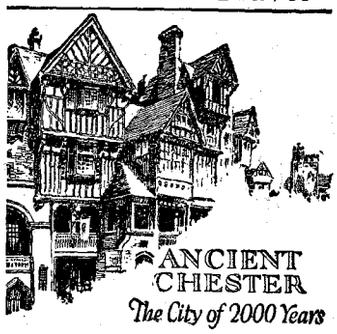

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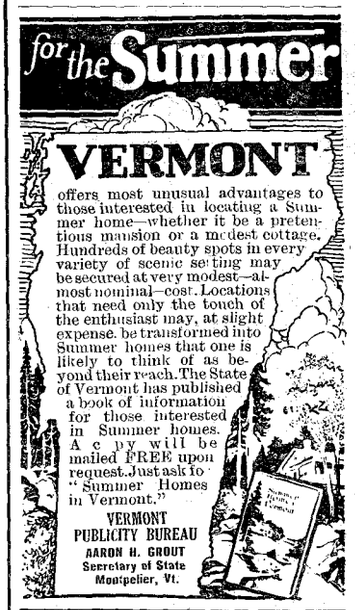
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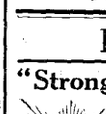
IDEAL HOME for refined elderly couple; beautiful location, attractive environment. Permanent if desired. 9,987, Outlook.

COUPLE HAVING NICE SUBURBAN HOME in New Jersey would take business couple or two business women as paying guests. 11, Outlook.

Live Stock

"Strong Heart" Police Dogs



"Character plus Appearance" You can pay more but you *can't* get a better dog.

SUN BEAM FARM STRONG HEART KENNELS
New Brunswick, Easton Road, N. J.

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Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

In best residential section of Danbury, Ct. Large ten-room furnished house, all modern improvements; garage, veranda, garden; near golf course. Rent from June 1 to November 1, $1,200. Address Miss Dorothy N. Ryder, 114 Deer Hill Ave., Danbury, Conn.

OLD LYME, CONN. At historic Old Lyme there are several interesting properties for sale. A dignified post-colonial house, beautifully situated on the "Street;" a handsome and well-preserved house of great architectural interest, built in 1765; a recently remodeled farmhouse of 11 rooms and 3 bathrooms, opposite golf links; many small acreages and bits of countryside in and near Lyme. Houses for rent by the season and by the year. Charles R. Noyes, Black Hall, Conn.

Sachem Head, Conn. For sale, 7-room cottage, directly on water-front. Beautiful location. To settle estate. R. S. Bidwell, Windsor Locks, Conn.

MAINE

CAMDEN, MAINE
Houses and Camps for rent and for sale.
GEO. H. TALBOT CO.

Camden, Me. For Rent. Fully furnished, attractive seashore cottages. Some choice locations available. $500 to $900. Photos, plans, etc. J. R. Prescott, Newtonville, Mass.

Pemaquid Harbor Maine coast, furnished cottages for rent. Fine views, boating, bathing, fishing. Mrs. D. Whitehouse, Pleasant St., Augusta, Maine.

PORTLAND, ME. To rent until Oct. 15, physician's home. 9 chambers, 4 baths. In best residential section. Box 205, Portland, Me.

FOR RENT, FURNISHED
"Lady Cove House"
FALMOUTH FORESIDE
On Casco Bay (near Portland), Maine
Modern. Designed by A. W. Longfellow. 11 bedrooms, 4 baths, garage, stable. Season $1,200. GEORGE WOODWARD,
North American Building, Philadelphia.

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR RENT
For 2 or 3 months, approximately June 15-Sept. 15, 11-room house, furnished, in best country village in New England. Best surroundings. W. R. Brown, Amherst, Mass.

For Rent, in Marblehead. Old colonial mansion, fully furnished in fine old mahogany; piano, electricity, 2 bathrooms, piazzas, fireplaces, large garden, every convenience. $800 for summer. M. F. BOLES, Marblehead.

For rent, Marblehead, 8-room furnished house, beautiful ocean view, piazza, electricity, fireplaces, every convenience. $800 for summer, $1,200 for year. M. F. Boles, Marblehead.

AT MANOMET, PLYMOUTH, MASS. Furnished cottage, nearly new, to let or for sale; broad piazzas, electric lights, hot and cold water, conveniences, open fireplace; terms moderate. WM. H. HAWLEY, Room 148, State House, Boston.

MICHIGAN

A Beautiful Summer Home
with modern conveniences (electric light, bath, water system, telephone), 30 acres of land, most delightfully situated on
GREEN BAY
and splendid automobile road. A portion of land could be subdivided and sold for homes.
FRED A. ROPER
Menominee, Michigan
Summer Homes

NEW HAMPSHIRE

For Rent, in White Mts., Bethlehem, N. H. Furnished 9-room cottage. Modern improvements. Ideal location. Address John Macfarland, Bethlehem, N. H.

White Mts. Sugar Hill, N. H. For sale, rent, or exchange. Cottage, furnished. About 20 acres. Wm. E. Satchell, Owner, 211 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WONALANCET, N. H.
Cottages to rent for the season
Apply to ARTHUR T. WALDEN

Real Estate

NEW JERSEY

Gillette, N. J. Farmhouse, completely furnished, for summer season. 6 minutes Lackawanna R.R. 11 rooms, electric lights, running water, spacious grounds, garage. Address George A. Cornish, Phone Millington 86F-13.

FOR SALE
A charming bungalow, situated in a restricted residential park high up in the lovely Ramapo Hills. Magnificent old oaks and cedars on a plot 100x200 ft. Modern in every way. Express trains to New York. Price $8,750. Write or telephone to F. M. Waterman, Mahwah, N. J. Tel. Suffern 426.

NEW YORK

ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOW
FOR RENT FOR SUMMER MONTHS
Located directly on Trout Lake, three miles from Bolton Landing, Lake George. Entirely new. Built by present owner, who will rent for the entire season at moderate rental. **Completely furnished throughout. Five rooms (three bedrooms) and bath. Kitchen with running water. Ice, wood, and rowboat included.**
For full particulars address 9,067, Outlook.

FOR RENT—At Belle Terre
(Port Jefferson), Long Island, completely furnished shore front summer home. 6 master's bedrooms, 3 baths, 2-car garage, 4 acres lawn and woods, 120 ft. dock. Boating, bathing. Near golf links. $2,500 for the season. Write owner, 195 Washington Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For Rent, furnished house, in Flushing. Eleven rooms, four baths, hardwood floors, gas and electricity, garden, heated three-car garage. Adjoins Old Country Club. Telephone to Flushing 2246, or write Mitchell, 207 Whitestone Ave., Flushing, L. I.

To rent for season near Saratoga
Attractive five-room furnished home. Open country, trout brooks. Apply to Eldridge Smith, R. F. D. 5, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Westchester For rent, furnished, comfortable 8-room house. Gas, electric light, garage, garden, fruit, vegetables. Moderate rent, June 15 to Sept. 15. 200 Chatterton Parkway, White Plains, N. Y.

Professor's Attractive Home
in delightful college town for rent, furnished, during summer months. 9,997, Outlook.

VERMONT

Lake Champlain Shore Property
CAMPS FARMS ESTATES
Mrs. W. RAMSAY SMITH
The Bittersweet Real Estate Agency
Burlington, Vt.

TO RENT On Lake Champlain near Burlington, Vt., two furnished cottages (10 and 7 rooms), garages, ice, boats, fireplaces, 2½ acres land. Season $350 and $200. Mrs. C. A. AUSTIN,
294 Reynolds Terr., Orange, N. J.

Furnished Cottages For Rent
Some Choice Properties For Sale
W. B. EDGERTON, Manchester, Vt.

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AGENTS: $75-$100 weekly taking orders for popular price-smashing raincoats, $3.98. Largest commissions advanced. Prompt shipment. We collect. Free coats. EAGLE RAINCOAT CO., 540 Mid-City Bank Building, Chicago.

AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILE owners, garagemen, mechanics, send today for free copy America's most popular motor magazine. Contains helpful articles on overhauling, repairing, ignition, carbureters, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest, 527 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

ROOMS TO RENT

ROOMS to rent for summer in fine old colonial home in Marblehead, Mass. Large and cool. Fireplaces, continuous hot water, electricity, large piazzas, lawn, fruit and flowers. Near harbor. References. 3,825, Outlook.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED, experienced nurse for two children, one a boy of five, other a baby. References required. Apply Mrs. Llewellyn Powell, 114 Lenox Road, Schenectady, N. Y.

MOTHER'S helper to look after few blind boys, 8 to 12, in home for the blind, Brooklyn, near the water. Person especially fond of boys. Good home and $30 monthly. Apply Home and Kindergarten for the Blind, 84th St. and 13th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., or 'phone Bensonhurst 1776.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, for girls' camp in South, handcraft councilor experienced in use of loom. Give training, experience, and references and salary expected. Address 3,808, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

NURSE (undergraduate) desires care of invalid child—mental or otherwise. Long experience. Exceptional references. 3,849, Outlook.

Business Situations

HARVARD senior desires summer camp, secretarial, or tutor-companion position. Best references. Address 3,840, Outlook.

LIBRARIAN, M.A., trained, experienced technical and college libraries, desires position September 1. 3,847, Outlook.

WANTED—September 1. Woman with executive training and wide experience open to position as supervisor of dormitories in college or preparatory school or charge of housekeeping in hospital or home. Dietitian. Exceptional references. 3,843, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CULTURED college girl, experienced traveler, accomplished musician, secretarial training, athletic, will accompany children to summer camp or as companion to elderly lady. References exchanged. 3,778, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN: SECRETARY, housekeeper, or companion; capable, experienced, accustomed to children. References given and required. 3,786, Outlook.

TEACHER, exceptionally congenial to children, experienced in foreign travel, desires position as companion or mother's helper with family going to Europe this summer. Expenses only. 3,799, Outlook.

MAN and wife, colored, desire summer positions with private family in Berkshires. Man, chauffeur (any make car) or butler. Wife, cook or maid. Highest references. 3,852, Outlook.

AVAILABLE immediately, cultured young woman as companion or secretary, to travel abroad or America. References. 3,826, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse, experienced managing housekeeper, desires position with elderly or semi-invalid. 3,832, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED lady desires position in refined family as companion or nursery governess. References. 3,831, Outlook.

COLLEGE GRADUATE with graduate university work and teaching experience desires position as traveling companion, tutor, governess. Free June 1. 3,833, Outlook.

PRACTICAL trained nurse, American, capable, fourteen years' experience, wishes position as nurse-companion to middle-aged lady or gentleman. Best references. 3,841, Outlook.

YOUNG lady of Michigan, 20, high school and business school graduate, practical and teaching experience, Protestant, attractive, desires position as social secretary and traveling companion. References exchanged. 3,837, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as mother's helper, vicinity Chicago or Milwaukee, for about five weeks. Middle-aged woman, college graduate; experience as mother's helper; housework, except heaviest; poor cook; mending, sewing lessons. References exchanged. 3,834, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, pleasant personality, some hospital training, adaptable, fond of outdoors, companion, nursery governess, any position of trust. Now or September. 3,845, Outlook.

YOUNG lady of refinement, going abroad to study music, would like position as companion to lady or chaperon to children for traveling expenses. Highest references. 3,846, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—By gentlewoman, position as housemother in a school, in or near New York. Highest references in institutional and private work. 3,838, Outlook.

REFINED English girl desires position as useful maid to lady or children traveling. 3,843, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER, college graduate, desires position as tutor-companion-governess. Experienced. References. Free June 19. Will travel for expenses only. 3,603, Outlook.

COLLEGE student, young man, wants summer work directing athletics for young boys or tutoring for college entrance. Best references. Address 3,761, Outlook.

EXPENSES only—Teacher wishes position as governess to young children. Available July and August. Chicago references. 3,779, Outlook.

TUTORING this summer desired by junior at Wesleyan. Excellent references. 3,822, Outlook.

COLLEGE man wishes to travel abroad as tutor-companion for expenses. Drives car. Edmund Leeds, Jr., 71 Brown St., Providence, R. I.

COLLEGE graduate, young woman, experienced tutor, desires position this summer. Prefers travel. 3,851, Outlook.

TEACHER, young woman, desires position as companion or governess for summer. Would travel. Address 3,829, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED FRENCH teacher desires position for summer as tutor, companion, or governess. Washington references. 3,827, Outlook.

TUTOR and companion for boys. University honor student and letter man. Will travel. References. 3,839, Outlook.

TEACHER—French, music—as companion-governess in family for summer. Mlle. Vichy, 57 East 74th St., New York. Rhinelander 3244.

LADY of refinement, experienced in teaching and training children, wishes position in children's home. Best of references. 3,844, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

SHOPPING made a pleasure by New York shopper offering services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

HOME school for children summer months. Berkshire foothills. Music, art, dancing, out-door activity, tutoring. 3,309, Outlook.

SUMMER HOME with supervision, Hewlett School for girls, Hewlett, Long Island, twenty miles from New York.

EDUCATED woman of good family will take into her home four girls between 10 and 18 years of age, supervising education and social life as a mother would do. References essential. Box 3,654, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, experienced teacher, wants bright, healthy child about five years old to live camp life with own small daughter. Excellent care and instruction at $25 per week. 3,850, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

HOMELIKE school near New York where children under eleven years will be carefully cared for and contented. Address 3,828, Outlook.

WANTED, by one experienced in searching and copying old records, work on genealogies for persons desiring their family data collected and written up. References. 3,336, Outlook.

FOR sale—Black Chantilly lace shawl, perfect condition. 3,835, Outlook.

FOR sale—Paisley shawl, perfect condition. 3,842, Outlook.

HELP WANTED!

ARE YOU in need of a Mother's Helper, Companion, Nurse, Governess, Teacher, Business or Professional Assistant?

The Classified Want Department of The Outlook has for many years offered to subscribers a real service. A small advertisement in this department will bring results.

The rate is only ten cents per word, including address

Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue New York City

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BY THE WAY

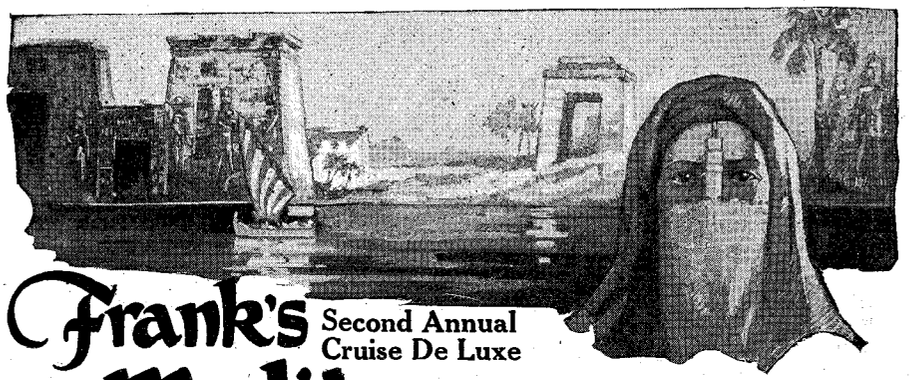
A PERFECT attendance record was celebrated when Everett Scott, shortstop on the New York American League team, received a gold medal for participating in 1,000 consecutive games. The humor of the occasion was furnished by the fact that, as the New York "Times" says, in his thousandth game Scott "couldn't make a hit in three times at bat and he handled only two chances, both putouts, in the field, while his club suffered a shutout for the first time this season." But these incidents are only part of the day's luck and shouldn't be regarded as a bad omen by either player or club.

The following remarkable statement about the Bible was made by Commissioner Thomas Estill, of the Salvation Army, in New York City recently:

"Among people of Broadway, Wall Street, Park Row, and in practically all of the business and professional districts of New York, the Bible is being read more to-day than ever before and more than any other book. You can reach out at random in the crowded streets and stand a good chance of putting your hand on the shoulder of a person who either has a Bible in his pocket or at least keeps one in his desk for daily perusal. So do not jump at conclusions when you see a bulge in a man's hip pocket. . . . The bulge in the pocket is just as likely to be a Bible as a flask—perhaps more so."

Discussing the anomalies of modern city life, Charles Merz says in the "Century Magazine" that "there is fifty times as much land in Nassau County, New York, diverted into country clubs and golf links as into all city and suburban parks." Further, "New York's mad and illogical development, forced on it to a certain extent by prosperity, has resulted in such anomalies as a mile or two of East Side sheltering two million people, with thirty-two miles of wilderness across the Hudson only six miles away." This wilderness, now partly redeemed as the Palisades Park, was so isolated in a former generation that it furnished a securer hiding-place for Boss Tweed, after his escape from prison, than distant Spain, where he was captured and then returned to America.

At a time when we are hearing so much of the problem of unemployment in England one receives something of a mental shock on turning the pages of the London "Sphere" to come on a picture of a group of women headed "The Ladies' Committee Appointed by the Ministry of Labour to Inquire into the Shortage of Domestic Labour." The housekeepers of England, it seems, are in the same boat with



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Cunard S.S. "SCYTHIA"

Twin-Screw Oil-Burner, 20,000 Tons. Sailing Jan. 30, 1924, 67 days, repeating the complete success of the 1923 similar Cruise, same steamer, visiting

EGYPT, PALESTINE, Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England

The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafés, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious staterooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S.S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria" or any Cunard Line Steamer

Rates, deck plans, itinerary and full information on request.

Also De Luxe Tours to Europe.

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Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail-order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

DIET BOOK Sent Free

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
294 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Railroad Picture Book

explains the workings of the railroads in wonderful *pictures*. Price 25 cents, postpaid.
Pictogram Co., Box 840, Washington, D. C.

THE NEW OCEAN HOUSE
Swampscott, Massachusetts

A beautiful hotel perfectly appointed, where the comfort and pleasure of guests are constantly considered. Every guest room connects with private bath. Accommodations for 450. Sea Bathing. Electric Baths. Booklet. For reservations, write or wire

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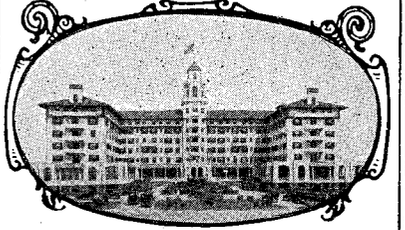
Twenty-one years under the same management.

The Hotel de Luxe of New England

THE NEW MONTEREY
North Asbury Park, N.J.



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Directly on the Ocean
OPENS JUNE 23
American Plan Capacity 500
Hot and Cold Sea Water in Rooms
Golf that makes you play
18-Hole Course
Superior à-la-Carte Grill, Interesting Social Life
Daily Concerts and Dancing
Wonderful Ocean Bathing. New Swimming Pool Adjoining
Sherman Dennis, Manager
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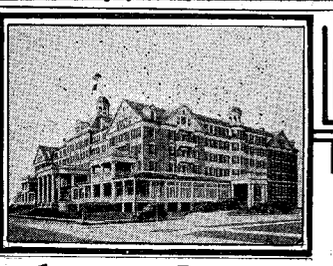
8 West 40th St. Tel. Longacre 8310
McDonnell & Co., Brokers
On "The New Jersey Tour."



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Spring Lake Beach
NEW JERSEY
Directly on the Ocean

A Resort Hotel of Distinctive Superiority
Opens June 23
Two Exceptional 18-Hole Golf Courses
Furnished Cottages with Hotel Service

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On "The New Jersey Tour,
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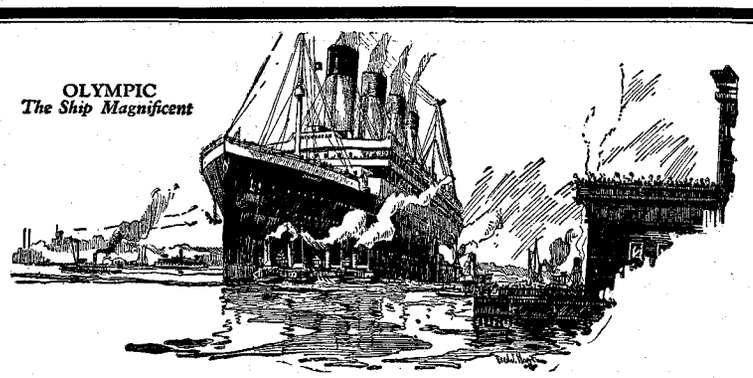

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We offer also a fleet of 14 delightful cabin steamers with the splendid new *Pittsburgh, Doric,* and *Regina.* Some accommodations as low as $115.

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Whatever your requirements, we can meet them. 117 ships—1,218,000 tons.

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BY THE WAY (*Continued*)

those of this country so far as the servant problem is concerned. However much unemployment there may be, the chances for domestic workers never seem to be thinned. Jobs are always waiting for household helpers on both sides of the Atlantic.

An encouraging sign of the industrial revival is the fact, as stated by the "Railway Age," that freight traffic on the railways of the United States during the first three months this year was the heaviest in history for that period of the year—an increase of nearly twenty-five per cent over the first three months of 1922.

Two announcements about eggs: From the Le Roy (Minn.) "Independent:"

WE WANT YOUR
EGGS
AND WANT THEM BAD
PORTER & YOUNG

From a New York City window sign:

EGGS THAT ARE EGGS
NOT THAT WERE EGGS

"It is a curious fact that the wives of two of the most distinguished novelists I have known have both written cookery books," says Mr. C. K. Shorter in the London "Sphere." The two women were Mrs. George Meredith and Mrs. Joseph Conrad. In each case the distinguished husband wrote a preface to the book. For some reason, however, Mr. Shorter adds, Mrs. Meredith's cook book was never published, though the manuscript was long for sale at a London bookseller's.

From "Tit-Bits:"

"Professor," said the graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray do not mention such a trifle."

Whistler, according to an article in the "Cornhill Magazine," was in financial straits at one time during his career in London, and was pressed to pay his account by Chapman, a picture-frame maker, who called one day to ask for a settlement of his bill.

"Whistler," the story continues, "received him most cordially and pressed him to partake of a glass of wine. Chapman, while appreciating the courtesy of his client, felt it his duty to decline the proffered refreshment, and ventured to remark, 'You will pardon me, Mr. Whistler, but while you find yourself unable to settle my bill, I am surprised that you are able to indulge in the extravagance of champagne.'

" 'Oh, don't let that worry you, my dear Mr. Chapman,' said Whistler; 'I don't pay for that either.' "

From the Paris "Illustration:"

"Isn't it remarkable what they are finding in King Tutankhamen's tomb?" "Yes, and there, at least, one is sure that the furniture is antique."

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